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BACK TO THE FARM

The Slogan of the Great Movement.

By James J. Hill, President Great Northern Railway.

every side there is menace if our nal activity be not recognized on asis of old-fashioned common The safety valve for older peo- has been found in emigration. very relief has contributed to our r. The United States cannot their example. It is against the s of our people; and besides, the of the northern hemisphere is

e are to walk safely in the way dom, there is much to be done. time to begin. There must be, a return to conservative and mic methods, a readjustment of al ideas such as to place agri- e, and its claims to the best in- nce and the highest skill that ountry affords, in the very fore- There must be a national re- gainst the worship of manufac- nd trade as the only forms of ssive activity, and the false no- that wealth built upon these at crifice of the fundamental form alth production can endure. A recognition on the part of the people, from the highest down lowest, that the tillage of the the natural and most desirable ation for man, to which every is subsidiary and to which all else in the end yield, is the first re- . Then there will be a check istered to the city movement owered the percentage of agricul- labor to the whole body of per- ngaged in gainful occupations in nited States from 44 3-10 in 1880 7-10 in 1890, and to 35 7-10 in With public interest firmly fix- on the future, the country, in self-preservation, must give se- attention to the practical occu- n of restoring agriculture to its osition in the nation. government should establish a model farm on its own land in rural congressional district, later s in every county in the agri- al states. Let the department of iculture show exactly what can be on a small tract of land by prop- tivation, moderate fertilizing and ation of crops. The sight of the and their contrast with others, nowledge of yields secured and possible, would be worth more all the pamphlets poured out the government printing office in The government ought not to te before the comparatively expense and labor involved in a practical encouragement of is the most important industry present and the stay and prom- our future. Disseminate knowl- of farming as it should and must stead of maintaining the pitiful bribe of a few free seeds. Declare everywhere, from the executive chamber, from the editorial office, from the platform, and, above all, from every college class room and from every little school house in the land, the new crusade. Let the zeal for discovery, for experiment, for scientific advancement that has made the last century one of multiplied wonders focus itself upon the problems of the oldest of sciences and arts, the cornerstone of all civilization—the improvement of tillage and making grow two grains where only one grew before. Only thus may the multiplying population secure its permanent maintenance. Only thus may the struggle for existence that has power either to curse or bless be brought to any other termination than the peace of death.

The growing increase of population, its rise to over 200,000,000 before 1950, the approaching exhaustion of much of our material wealth, the decishing of our public domain, the deterioration of our soil, the terrible need which these must bring, the strain on institutions and the stress of industrial perplexity or decline are as certain as the passage of the years.

The situation is not at all hopeless or even desperate if the nation turns to its task with appreciation, with wisdom, and with courage. A profitable husbandry is the very fountain from which all other occupations flow and by which they are nourished into strength.

Now, as ever, to the nation and race as to the individual, nature, the unrelenting taskmistress of the centuries, holds out in one hand her horn of plenty and in the other her scourge. This country has brought itself within reach of the thong, while grasping at the satisfaction of present appetite and forgetting the primal relations between the earth and man. The pathway to prosperity is still open. The divinity of the earthly life at heart is kind. Under her rule there is work and abundant reward for all, but these must be won in her designated way and in none other. Her pointing finger, that has never varied since man came upon the earth, shows the old and only way to safety and honor. Upon the readiness with which this is understood, the sober dignity with which a whole nation rises to the winning of its bread and permanent prosperity, will depend the individual well-being of millions of this and many generations. Largely by this method will posterity, our fit and righteous judge, determine whether what issues from the crucible of this twentieth century is a bit of rejected dross to be cast aside, or a drop of golden metal to shine forever upon the rosary of the years.

Helping Forest Movement

Public Spirited Children Furnish Good Example for Their Elders.

The prairie town without trees is cheerless and unattractive. Few things add more to the attractiveness of a town than rows of thrifty shade trees planted along the streets.

Village and town improvement societies and civic associations have done much to promote tree planting, especially in the prairie regions of the middle west. Where trees adapted to local conditions have been planted, and where the citizens have cared for them and taken an interest in them, the results have been remarkable.

A public spirited man residing in a city in Missouri has been doing commendable work along this line, in connection with the Civic Improvement league of his city. In the year 1901 he planted a large quantity of seeds of various trees in nursery rows. He carefully tended the young seedlings, and, a few years later, dug them up, labeled them, and turned them over to the school children free, upon condition that they should be planted and cared for.

Since the trees started life with the beginning of the present century, they were called "century trees", and this gave them additional interest.

Each child was given printed directions which were headed as follows:

"Ornament your homes—Plant Century Trees, seedlings of 1901—They are living monuments; watch them develop—They began with the century, and the century, as it advances, marks the record of their age year by year."

Those who received trees were directed to dig holes two feet in diameter and one and one-half feet deep. They were told to keep the roots of the trees moist and covered until planted, to see that all torn ends of roots were cut off smoothly, and to cut back the side branches about a quarter or third of their length, or, if the tree was a straight shoot without branches, to cut back the tip a few inches. This pruning was to balance the los of roots in digging up the trees.

In planting the tree they were told to spread the roots out into natural position and to set the tree about an inch deeper in the ground than it stood in the nursery; to use good rich soil, but to allow no fertilizer or mulch to come into direct contact with the roots; to work the soil about the roots, and to water the tree plentifully every few days after it was set out, and during the dry weather of summer.

Five or six thousand trees were given away in this manner. Two or three trees were given to each child, who asked for them, and almost every child did so. There were many species, and naturally some died, but few children lost all that they planted. Each child who received trees was required to fill out a slip giving his name and address and the place where the tree was planted. The trees in public places will be labeled when they have grown somewhat larger. The town is now dotted with these little "century trees," which have become the pride of those who planted them.

CURIOUS HOTEL CUSTOMS

Cuss Words a Penny Each at an Edinburgh Hotel.

A curious custom prevails at an Edinburgh hotel. Whenever a customer is heard to swear he is required to place a penny in a box on the bar counter. It is not a matter for surprise, says Tit-Bits, that the landlord hears much less bal language than some of his fellow publicans in the capital of Scotland.

The following is a quaint idea for providing funds for picnics and social evenings. It is carried on with much success at an Ashton-on-Mersey inn. A "knocking club" is connected with the inn, and when a customer calls for refreshment he is expected to knock on the table or counter before drinking. If he fails to do this he is fined one penny. Any one who wrongfully accuses another of breaking this unique rule is also fined. The money thus obtained provides funds for many enjoyable outings and pleasant evenings during the course of the year.

At another hotel, known as the Old Hundred, customers are allowed only one drink. If one is not sufficient to quench their thirst they are obliged to go out of the hotel and take a walk before they are allowed to have another.

Till recently the proprietor of an old-time hotel in Warwickshire used to invite all his customers to accompany him and his wife to the service at the parish church on Sunday mornings, which was situated on the opposite side of the road, the house being closed while they were away. On returning each customer was invited to partake of refreshments offered by the hospitable landlord free of charge.

Visitors to a certain hotel in Aberdeenshire who wear brown boots must remember to keep them in their room overnight. Otherwise the boots will be blacked, regardless of the original color of the same. In one of the rooms of a Dumfries public house is an old armchair which is said to have been frequently used by the poet Burns. All who sit in this chair are expected to treat every one who is in the room at the time, and often the immortal memory of the famous Scottish national poet is drunk.

A small hotel in Wales until quite recently was used by the Catholics as a place of worship on Sundays, and the police court proceedings were held on the premises during the week.

HONEST ONCE, BUT—

He came to me in deep distress;
He wished to make a touch.
I stood for it, though I confess
I did not want to, much.
His gratitude was most profound,
He said, and then again
He told me, odd as it must sound,
He'd pay me back that ten.

They seldom do so, just the same
When affluence arrives.
But in a week or two he came
And handed me two fives.
"I always keep my word," said he.
"In that I'm never slack.
You trusted me, and so, you see,
Here is your money back."

I think the honest fellow meant
His noble words to lodge.
They have, at least to some extent,
For he's a chap I dodge.
I pass him with averted glance,
He may not think it's nice,
But though I once did take a chance
I will not do it twice.

—Chicago News.

JOHN BILLARD'S FATHER

A characteristic of the Billards is that of being close-mouthed. John L. Billard, of Meriden, is like his father in this. His information is extensive and he knows what others about him for a considerable radius are doing, but he is not given to talking much. Of the father there is told an anecdote which has become a classic in Meriden.

His knowledge of the financial condition and position of others was known to be more accurate by far than that of the general run of people, who find, when a man dies, that they really knew little of his real standing, and on one occasion an acquaintance sought to take advantage of this. A mutual friend had died and the questioner wished to dispel the general doubt as to how much money he had left.

"John," he said to the present Boston & Maine magnate's father, "I see So-and-So is dead."

"I guess he is," remarked John Billard. "They say so, anyway."

The other moved closer in a very confidential way and spoke in that intimate tone. "How much did he leave?" he asked.

John Billard leaned forward toward the questioner with his hands on his knees in a characteristic attitude.

"Joel," said he, "he left it all." And he straightened up with a twinkle in his eye.—Boston Transcript.

Seeing New York of Olden Time.

GOVERNOR STUYVESANT'S PEAR TREE

Petrus Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam, stood out against the English conquerors until he was alone in his opposition. Then he, too, surrendered and went back to Holland to explain to the West India Company how he had been forced to abdicate. It was a bitter experience, for Stuyvesant was a stubborn fellow, who hated to give up.

When he returned, later, to his Bouwerie, or Farm, and to the Bouwerie village which had grown up near it, Stuyvesant brought many things from Holland with him. Among these was a slip from a pear tree, and this he planted in a favorite spot on the farm. The tree flourished and not only survived its owner and planter, but remained a vigorous, fruit bearing tree long after the farm was cut into building lots and swallowed up by the brick and mortar of the city.

For 200 years the tree grew, on a spot which is now the corner of Third avenue and Thirteenth street. In 1867, when it had begun to decay, it was accidentally knocked down, and an old landmark disappeared.

When Governor Stuyvesant died he was buried in the churchyard in his Bouwerie village, beside the church which he had erected. In the following century, when this old church had fallen into ruin, St. Mark's church was built near its site, and in the side wall of the church is a marble tablet bearing this inscription:

"In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant, late Captain General and Governor in Chief of Amsterdam in New Netherland, now called New York, and the Dutch West India Islands. Died A. D. 1682. Aged 80 years."

The name of this doughty old Dutch governor is perpetuated in Stuyvesant street, which runs from Second to Third avenue, behind St. Mark's church, and in Stuyvesant park, a few blocks further north, which extends on both sides of Second avenue, from Fifteenth to Seventeenth street.

In his day it was regarded as a matter for wonder and congratulation that the city had grown so large that it numbered one thousand inhabitants.

YOU KNOW LINEN IS COOL?

y is linen "cooler" than cotton? is a linen sheet or garment so more comfortable than any covering? Why is linen, aside its cost, always preferred to cot-

e most ancient writers tell us the people of their time shared present day preference for linen. ise Apuleius says:

an anyone impressed with a sense ligion wonder that a man who been made acquainted with so mysteries of the gods, should r home certain emblems and them in a linen cloth, the purest ing for divine objects? For wool, xcretion of the sluggish body, from a sheep, was deemed a ne attire even according to the tenets of Ortheus and Pythag- But flax, that cleanest and best uction of the field, is used not for the inner and outer clothing e most holy priests of the Egyp- but also for covering sacred ob-

utarch tells us that the priests of ore linen on account of its pur- nd he remarks how absurd and sistent would have been their ct if they had carefully plucked airs from their own bodies, and lothed themselves in wool, which e hair of the sheep. The same r also mentions the opinion of who thought that flax was used lothing because the color of its oms resembled the ethereal blue. rodotus makes statesments that that linen was as highly re- ed in his day as it is now. A man wounded in an engagement, he says, has his torn limbs bound up. "Now, supposing that the persons concerned had their choice between linen and cotton, there can be no doubt that they would choose linen as most suitable for such a purpose. Cotton, when applied to wounds, irritates them."

The cooling quality of linen as compared to cotton is due to the fact that the structure of the flax fiber makes linen a good conductor of heat, and one that freely condenses the vapor of perspiration. Notwithstanding the fact that the cooling quality of linen when applied to wounds has been well known, it is only lately that an absorbent linen surgical dressing has been produced, under the name of "oxolint." This is one of the by-products of the first American linen mills, established at North Brookfield, Mass., and operating under a method of manufacture that accomplished in a few hours the work that requires from eight to ten weeks by European methods of linen making. The World Today, in an article on this innovation, says:

"The one reason why linen fiber has never been made in this country is that the European process would be impossibly expensive unless carried out by labor of the very lowest cost. There is no labor in the United States cheap enough for this purpose and for this reason Americans have been sending over $20,000,000 a year to Europe for linen. Now mills have been built in Massachusetts to operate the Mudge process, and there is an assured market for the millions of dollars' worth of flax straw that we have been burning up for years, and a chance to get linens for little if any more than the present cost of fine cotton fabrics."

RAINERS' TEMPTATIONS

e of $50,000 That Was Offered to Scratch a Favorite.

rhaps the largest bribe ever offer- ccurred when Ballantrae won a back end handicap some four s ago, says a writer in London Tit- This horse's victory took an im- se sum out of the ring, but two before the race a patron of the e was offered £10,000 if he would ade the ultimate winner's owner atch his horse. It is superfluous y that this underhand proposition with no success, whereupon the er was next approached, with- ly the same result. empts to "nobble" the favorite classic race or big handicap are common. Last year the trainer ancied candidate for the Derby ed a letter to the effect that £5,- would be paid him if he undertook terfere with his horse's prepara- so that it could under no circum- es be seen at the starting post. ally such a bare-faced proposal treated with utter contempt, but mornings afterward, on one of allops on Newmarket Heath, e this horse took his daily exer- a litter of broken glass was Happily this was discovered by ble boy before exercise, otherwise horse would have been severely

e poisoning of Orme, who was dently expected to win the Derby years ago, was one of those turf eries which will probably always in unsolved, but an owner of es closely connected with the informed the writer that there little doubt that the agent of some of bookmakers who stood to lose ossal sum by Orme's victory had eavy bribes "got at" an inmate stable and induced him—or her, e case may be—to perpetrate the

e ingenious methods by which out- s endeavor to worm themselves a trainer's confidence would seem hy of a better cause. Thus the ous trainer Matthew Dawson was to tell many humorous stories of pts made to gain his trust. On ccasion, for instance, a meek lit- erson took up his residence in some quiet lodgings near the stables and every morning betook himself to the Heath, "as," he said, "his doctor had informed him that the air there was the most bracing in the world for invalids." Mile after mile the "worthy divine" would walk, apparently taking not the least interest in the race horses or indeed in racing matters at all.

One morning, however, after he had been there a fortnight, the clergyman approached the string of horses and meekly asked their trainer if he might look over the stables one day, "because," he added, "he had heard the residence of a thoroughbred was almost as luxurious as a palace." This request was met with a polite refusal, whereat the clerical visitor seemed intensely disappointed, and expressed a hope that he might do so, at any rate, on some future occasion.

This proposal was also refused, but some two nights later the head lad of the stable caught the clergyman scrambling over the wall of the stable yard after the horses had been locked up for the night, and it afterward transpired that he was not a clergyman at all, but was the agent of a clique of professional backers who stood to lose heavily by the victory of this particular horse. Instead of handing over the culprit to the law the trainer adopted the simple device of leaving him to the tender mercies of the stable boys, who quietly but firmly stripped him of his clerical garments and deposited him in the nearest horse pond.

POSSIBLE AND IMPOSSIBLE

The enterprising manager of a little lyric theatre in northern Pennsylvania believes in profiting by the misfortunes of others. One day he displayed the following sign in his house:

Do Not Smoke

Remember the Iroquois Fire

So great was the efficacy of this that before the end of the week he put up another:

Do Not Spit

Remember the Johnstown Flood

—Everybody's.

The Castle of Gloom

By Robert Bracefield

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CHAPTER XV.

Where Did He Go?

A sudden purpose had possessed Van Tasel, but the theft of his automobile had frustrated it. Evidently, his intention to follow the carriage had been foreseen, and now he stood in impotent rage.

No one was in sight. The cliff was dark and deserted, apparently, as if it had been the heart of a mountain.

For a moment Van Tasel stood undecided. Then he turned toward the footpath up which he and Miss Boltwood had come that memorable night. It was a zig-zag trail, and it afforded a route to the foot of the cliff scarcely half the distance traversed by the carriage road.

Van Tasel's purpose was only half formed. On foot, he could not hope to follow the carriage, even if he reached the bottom of the hill ahead of it, but, at all events, he could see which way it went, and perhaps chance would favor him with some passing conveyance, once he reached the main road.

He went down the trail in reckless haste, risking his neck. Two-thirds of the way to the bottom he found himself suddenly confronted by men, who blocked his passage.

"Stand aside!" he commanded. "Can't you see that I'm in a hurry? Get out of my way!"

"Not so fast," said a voice.

The darkness was deep, and Van Tasel could see his challengers only in outline.

"I tell you I am greatly pressed for time," he repeated. "Do you need the whole cliff?"

"Whatver we need," retorted the other, "we do not propose to be insulted by you. If you come down the hill like a runaway locomotive, and run into people, you must expect to be halted."

"Very well," said Van Tasel; "you have halted me long enough. Stand to one side."

"We do not take orders," returned the other insolently.

Van Tasel perceived that his course had been blocked intentionally. The same agencies that had appropriated his automobile had interfered with his progress down the footpath.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, drawing his pistol. "When orders fail, persuasion sometimes takes their place. Now clear the path, or take a shower of lead!"

Van Tasel was rash, even if nervy. He had not counted on the power of his adversaries. On the other hand, they were fully prepared for him. Quick as a flash his revolver was knocked from his hand by some one behind. It went off in the air, with a bright flash.

Van Tasel struck out blindly with his fists, but he was fighting against tremendous odds. He clinched, struggled, rolled to the ground, and the next moment found himself hurled from the path to the almost perpendicular face of the cliff.

Down this incline Van Tasel went floundering and crashing, reaching wildly for some saving clutch upon the shrubbery overhanging the Hudson. Had it not been for this shrubbery, he would have been dashed to death on the rocky shore, and perhaps a grave for his mangled body would have been found in the waters themselves.

His fall being thus broken, he found himself in a few moments lying stunned and bruised at the foot of the bluff. For a minute or two he lay still, half senseless. Then he sat up and peered into the darkness.

"Devils and perdition!" he muttered. "Leander is doing well in America! If I checkmate his game I'll have to be stirring."

He got to his feet and felt himself over, in expectation of finding half his bones broken. He was disappointed to find no evidence of even a splinter. Yet his clothes were in shreds, and there were plenty of sore spots.

There was but one thing to do. Unless he wanted to camp all night at the base of the cliff, he must crawl along the sharp rocks of the river brink to the railroad station. There was no train to New York until morning, but, at least, he could wait in the depot. He had contributed a hundred dollars to the income of the night operator. Surely that would be pay for his lodging.

Of course, the castle might give him shelter, should he apply there, but he dismissed the thought.

"In the first place," he growled, "these nighthawks of the cliff would head me off and no doubt murder me, next time. In the second place, what sort of reception would I get from

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Aha! my pretty one," he said, "I have discovered your mysterious secret! I know who you are!"

He laughed aloud.

"A fine, incongruous mix-up for Van Tasel!" he soliloquized, as he clambered cautiously over the top of a projecting bowlder. "Now, how the devil did that notorious despot, Leander, get here without——?"

His self-addressed conversation was interrupted, of a sudden, by the sinking of the earth under his feet. Without warning he sank into the face of the cliff, and found himself floundering in an excavation half a dozen feet deep.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Hole in the Ground.

The hole in which Van Tasel had fallen was as black as the Abyss of Malebolge, that Dante found in Hell. He disentangled his legs from the loose earth and groped for a minute along clammy walls. Then, with a thrill of joy he remembered his pocket searchlight.

Touching the spring of the lantern, the cheerful ray revealed his prison.

Van Tasel's astonishment was great when he perceived confronting him a steel door, massive but small. It had been set in solid masonry but was now hanging by one hinge, only partly blocking the entrance to a black and cavernous opening, extending deeper into the cliff's interior.

"A subterranean passage!" exclaimed Van Tasel. "The maniac De Witte had strange logic, indeed, in his madness. His castle would have been incomplete without a secret entrance. I'm willing to wager that this hole is nothing else."

He pushed his way through the opening and was confronted only by darkness. A cold current of air dried the perspiration on his face. Shedding the electric rays of his little lantern ahead of him, he advanced, foot by foot, up a steep incline that ascended in a circular course through the rock. The tunnel was high enough for him to walk by holding his shoulders.

"De Witte was not a tall man," he remarked to himself as he pushed cautiously on. "It would have been thoughtful of him had he allowed a few inches more for the ceiling."

The floor was slippery, and green, mossy substance clung to the crumbling walls. A dank, oppressive atmosphere permeated the place. Already Van Tasel was chilled.

"A fine piece of engineering," he observed. "The old fox was keen enough, though a lunatic."

With due caution lest he come to another pitfall, Van Tasel continued his exploration, and presently reached the foot of a winding iron stairway leading upward still further into abysmal blackness.

Timidity was a trait unknown to Van Tasel, and an adventure like this suited him perfectly, yet he was unable to shake off a certain creeping sensation he had never felt before. He had no fear of man or devil, but it would not have surprised him greatly as he went up the stairs if the ghost of the demented De Witte had come swooping down upon him from those dark and silent reaches above.

The stairway was deep with rust, and in places water dripped from the crevices. He thought the supports doubtful from age and corrosion, but he risked the ascent.

A perpendicular climb is deceptive and Van Tasel would have sworn he had ascended twice the height of the cliff before he reached a platform that marked the end of the stairway. Here he found a puzzling difficulty. Before him stretched a blank iron panel.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Castle Cellar.

Many ancient castles of Europe had been explored by Van Tasel and he knew some of their secrets. As he shed his light upon the solid sheet of metal confronting him, he was convinced that somewhere was a spring that would open the way into the cellar of the Castle of Gloom.

Van Tasel felt like a burglar, and yet to turn away from so fascinating a puzzle was intolerable. He rapped with his knuckles over every inch of the surface. He ran his fingers over the steel. He scrutinized and peered and puzzled until his eyes ached.

Suddenly, while leaning against the iron rail in cogitation, he recalled a castle in Hungary. His guide, he remembered, had taken him through a similar tunnel that led from the cellar to the face of a mountain.

"The spring that released the secret door," he mumbled, "was in the ceiling."

He set to work with renewed energy. Some of the mortar had fallen from the roof, and it took him but a few moments to spy the magic button. It clicked faintly when he pressed it. The lock was released, but the rusty hinges failed to respond.

Van Tasel got the door open, after half an hour's work. Utter darkness enveloped him as he crawled through the aperture. The air was vile with mould, and a rat scampered over his feet. Yet here he was, in Mildred Boltwood's castle! He was certain the underground entrance was unknown to her. On any ordinary occasion he would have delighted in making his way to the upper apartments and surprising Miss Boltwood with his strange discovery. But the hook-nosed giant had come between them. This was no time for surprises—no time to break into the castle from the bowels of the earth.

He had turned off his electric searchlight, but now, satisfied that he was in a part of the cellar untenanted, he shed its glow about him. Stone walls hemmed him in. Before him was an iron-grated door, standing half open.

He explored the passages until, turning a bend, he suddenly saw a patch of light above, and heard voices. Then he beat a retreat.

Before going out through the secret door at the top of the iron stairway he searched out the button on the inner side, and made sure he could work it. Then, closing the heavy panel, he descended.

The transition from the blackness and chill of the tunnel to the balmy air of the summer's evening was like passing from Hades to Paradise. He drew long breaths and straightened his shoulders.

With searchlight extinguished Van Tasel took careful note of the spot so that he might find it again. Concealed as it was in dense shrubbery and under a rock, one unfamiliar with the tunnel might indeed search long and fruitlessly. Yet for a person who knew just where it was, it would be easy to disembark from a rowboat in the Hudson and reach the tunnel entrance with a few steps up the craggy slope.

Van Tasel sat for a time in deep meditation. It all seemed like the figment of a romancer—the frowning castle above him, the underground entrance, the mysterious men who haunted the cliff! Most of all, the secret of Mildred Boltwood—revealed to him in a flash—seemed more like fantasy.

His was a romance quite apart from the rush and roar of New York—New York, so much absorbed in itself that it did not know a castle existed within its shadows!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Miss Boltwood's Secret.

Van Tasel spent the night at the railway station, cat-napping in an extra chair the night operator had. The Limited had gone by, to the relief of the telegraph man.

"The accursed bluff was so dark that I got a bad tumble," was the only explanation Van Tasel vouchsafed. His discoveries he had resolved to keep to himself.

While he slept with his head bowed on his chest, a stranger, creeping stealthily up to the window, looked at him and then disappeared.

Next morning, having borrowed some clothes of the night operator, Van Tasel went to New York on the first train. James, the valet, was still in bed when Van Tasel rang, and was amazed at the sight of his master in such a state, but Van Tasel merely explained:

"You remember that one night last month I gambled with fate! Well, I'm in the devil of a mix-up as the result. I'm tangled up, James, in an international complication. I don't know what'll come of it, but I'm going to see it through. I'll give you warning now that things are likely to happen. I've got a rival that——"

He was forgetting himself, and broke off suddenly.

"Run over to Fosdick's apartments and see if he's up. If he isn't, drag him out and bring him here instantly."

James came back in a moment from his trip across the hall.

"He's in the bathtub, sir."

"Drag him out. I must see him at once. Wait! I'll do it myself."

Fosdick, anticipating the purpose of his rash chum, was already in gown and slippers when Van Tasel arrived.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Out all night, I suppose, on some of your romances. You're the most spectacular——"

Catching sight of the ill-fitting garments in which Van Tasel was still attired, Fosdick stopped short in astonishment.

"Sit down," commanded Van Tasel. "I've got something to tell you Ben, and this time it's something worth while. I want your advice."

Fosdick reached for his pipe.

"What scrape are you in now?"

Van Tasel sat on the edge of a table and tried to quiet his nerves by lighting one of Fosdick's cigars, which he helped himself to.

"I've found out who she is," he said bluntly.

"Ah!" was Fosdick's comment.

The smoke curled from his pipe and half hid his smile of amusement.

"Laugh, if you choose," growled Van Tasel. "Some time you'll be in love yourself. Laugh all you please now, for then it won't be so funny."

Fosdick did laugh, long and heartily, while Van Tasel stood smoking, waiting for the merriment to subside.

"It certainly is funny now," said Fosdick, wiping his eyes. "You look like a scarecrow in that suit, and your face bears out the illusion. Cheer up, Van! Who stole your clothes?"

Never mind the clothes," said Van Tasel, gloomily. "I'll get to them later on. I've got something important to talk about first. When you sober down I'll tell you. I don't like to talk to an ape."

"Fire away!" 'ordered Fosdick, mimicking a heavy judicial frown. "I promise never to smile again when you speak of love."

"Well," said Van Tasel, laying down his cigar with an air that bordered on the tragic, "she's not Mildred Boltwood—never was; never will be!"

"Who is she?" asked Fosdick.

"Princess Lucretia, of Luxembrant—of the royal blood. A princess in truth—rightful heir to a throne!"

Fosdick forgot his acting.

"The devil!" he said.

"And that isn't all." Van Tasel went on, putting the wrong end of the cigar in his mouth in his excitement.

"What else is she?' 'asked Fosdick.

Van Tasel made agesture of impatience.

"Don't make fun of me, Ben. I mean that I've got more to tell you. I've got a rival."

"Other men have had rivals," commented Fosdick, "and have beaten them out."

"And so shall I!" shouted Van Tasel, pounding the table with his fist. "That's what I want your advice on. I don't care if this cursed blackguard is a king. I'll throw him into the ocean if he gets in the way!"

"A king!" cried Fosdick.

"The King of Luxembrant," admitted Van Tasel, darkly. "The most notorious, villainous, tyrannical monarch of Europe! Leander—you've heard of him, Ben—King Leander, of Luxembrant!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Swears to Win Her.

Fosdick heard this announcement with blank amazement. His jaw dropped. Then he tossed back his head and burst into a roar of laughter. He threw himself on a ocuch and kicked and sputtered.

"Oh, Lord!" he shrieked. "Oh, ye gods! this is the best thing you've done yet. A royal princess for a sweetheart and a king for a rival! I'm willing to admit that there's romance left in prosaic old New York. Where's your Anthony Hope?"

Van Tasel sat down and filled a pipe, affecting calmness, but his hands trembled. He put down the pipe without lighting it and got up again.

"Fosdick," he said, "I love that girl, be she princess or plebeian, and by the eternal I intend to win her! Why should I care whether her blood be of royal corpuscles or of the common red? I am a man; she is a woman. I shall marry her as sure as there is a God on high!"

"By all means!" said Fosdick, siting up. "She'll not be the first princess to throw royalty overboard and since you are here and the King is in Luxembrant, you've got the advantage. Go in and——"

"The king isn't in Luxembrant," interrupted Van Tasel. "That's the trouble. He's here!"

"What?" cried Fosdick. "Here? The King of Luxembrant here?"

"Yes, here—in New York. I've seen him."

"Bosh!" declared Fosdick.

"I tell you I've seen him! Didn't I spend four months in Middeldam once—the capital of the Kingdom of Luxembrant? Didn't I see the king almost every day as he rode out in his state carriage? Do you think I could mistake that villainous nose? Wasn't I idiot enough to be presented at court? Bah! I'd know Leander if I met him in the dark."

"H'm!" muttered Fosdick.

"Leander is here, and there's no doubt about it." Van Tasel continued. "How he got here I don't pretend to say, though I intend to find out. One thing is sure. He is here incognito or it would have been in thr papers. He's in hiding—the poltroon! Ben, the whole mystery of the Castle of Gloom is unfolded. It came to me as soon as I set eyes on the king. It was in Middeldam that I first saw Miss Boltwood—I mean the Princess Lucretia. Her mother, you know, was of English royalty. Lucretia was left an orphan early, and was educated in England. This 'Madam Boltwood' out at the Castle of Gloom is no more than a companion. I recall that during the winter I spent at Middeldam the princess had just returned there, and her claim to the throne was causing the king much uneasiness. There was a secret political party in Luxembrant that branded Leander as usurper. Lucretia was not pushing her claim, but the king feared an uprising in favor of his beautiful cousin. To settle the dispute and keep the power in his hands he wanted to marry her."

The mere thouht of such an alliance filled Van Tasel with fury.

"To unite such a girl to that royal brute would be a crime to humanity!" he exclaimed. "Curse me——"

"Not so loud," suggested Fosdick. "The king might be at the keyhole."

Van Tasel shrugged his shoulders.

"I saw her quite as often as I did his majesty. Her beauty was a national topic. Yet she was merely a bud then. That is why I failed to recognize her in the full-blown blossom."

Fosdick exasperatingly put his hand to his heart.

"While I was still in Middeldam," Van Tasel went on, ignoring his chum's humor, "Lucretia fled from the monster's advances. As I recall it, she went to London. At any rate she's here now."

"With you to protect her," volunteered Fosdick.

"Yes, and with you to help me. The whole thing is absolutely clear. Lucretia fled from Luxembrant to escape the king's attentions. No doubt he harassed her in England, and that is why she has been living incognito in the most out-of-the-way spot she could find in America. Close to New York, she would not be conspicuous, and in the old castle of Darius De Witte she could keep aloof from New York. But now comes this royal beast and finds her out! Ben, I want you to help me. Will you do it?"

"Your diagnosis of the case is somewhat hasty," said Fosdick, "but it sounds reasonable. You are jumping at conclusions, and perhaps the princess is not so much set against the king as you imagine. Suppose it should turn out that he came here with her knowledge?"

"She rejected him last night!" Van Tasel asserted. "She turned him down cold. It was written all over his face when he came out of the castle. No doubt she received him in state, in order to put a final quietus on him. He looked like Satan himself when he strode down those steps. I'll bet half a million right here that Miss Boltwood—that is, the princess, sat on him hard."

"Then perhaps he'll go home and leave you a clear field," cheerfully prophesied Fosdick.

"No, if he can't win her, he'll do her some harm."

Fosdick looked at Van Tasel quizzically. The situation was darkening.

"Well?" he asked, "what are you going to do?"

"Protect her," said Van Tasel. "Protect her by marrying her. Why shouldn't she marry me? She lives in America now, not in Luxembrant. She has dropped royal nonsense. Ben, do you know, I believe she cares for me."

He strode across the room and back again in a transport.

"There are many fair women, Ben, but where is there another whose radiance would outshine the sun? Where is there another whose luster would light up the universe; whose—whose——"

He ran out of superlatives. Turning suddenly to his chum he went on:

"Ben, you have always been a loyal friend—the most loyal a man ever had. Are you willing to stand by me in this thing? Will you help me win Mildred Boltwood—the princess? Will you swear, God helping you, that you will aid me in this noble enterprise of wresting the fairest of creatures from as despicable a gang of regal ruffians as ever disgraced a kingdom? Will you swear that whatever happens, whatever dangers stand in the way, whatever dark and develish plots may be hatched to undo me, you will remain faithful to my cause—faithful to the death? Will you swear it, Ben?"

Fosdick got up from the couch where he had been sitting. His face was grave now. He held out his hand, which Van Tasel clasped in a fervid clutch.

"I swear it, Van Tasel! I swear it on my honor as a man and my love for the friend of my youth. I swear to help you win the Princess Lucretia! It is yours but to command. Send me into the jaws of perdition, if you will. I am yours, Van Tasel, until the girl you adore is your bride!"

For a few seconds the two men stood silent, with their hands clasped.

"God bless you, Ben!" said Van Tasel with a sigh. "If you were the king I should say: 'Take her—you are more worthy of her than I! Take the princess—you deserve her!' I would say that—if you were the king!"

(To Be Continued.)

The Count and The Congressman

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

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CHAPTER XIII.

Stelvio had drifted into the Metropolitan club for dinner—partly because, love he never so hopelessly man must dine, and partly because he knew no better place in Washington wherein to spend the two hours before bedtime. His own immediate friends were out of town, and nobody he saw seemed ever to have looked upon his face before. Truth to tell, the desert of an American fashionable city at midsummer was at the present moment entirely to his taste. In less than forty-eight hours he was going to sail for home and had rather determined never to set eyes upon Washington again. In this mood, between a cup of iced consomme and a cutlet, he picked up a newspaper, a thing he had not previously done since his visit to Harmony Hall four days earlier, and was shocked to see that the funeral of Mr. Augustin Methuen had taken place that morning. An item, elsewhere registered, announced the fact that Mrs. and the Misses Methuen were immediately returning from Harmony Hall to their residence in X street. Still another paragraph stated that Mrs. Wilfred Methuen of New York had come on from Manchester-by-the-Sea to visit her sister-in-law and nieces, and was now stopping at the Arlington hotel. Lastly, the obliging sheet gave a separate assurance to the public that the "Honorable Angus McPhail, recently returned from an European trip," was in Washington for a couple of days expressly to look after the unpacking and placing in his well known collection of ojets d'art of his most recent acquisition—the celebrated Stelvio Biberon.

While Stelvio was rapidly digesting these several items, he heard the last named of them discussed between three men sitting at a table near his. He had already gathered from scraps of their conversation that they were a dining club of very limited proportions, men of taste, culture and critical ability, banded together for mutual solace and protection from ennui during the absence of their wives in the brown holland period of summer existence in their homes.

"Oh! it is better with us," the young Italian had been saying to himself. "Married people in their condition of life keep together summer and winter, and if the husband is bound to one spot the wife shares it with him."

But he had been fain to confess there was no suggestion of martyrdom in the expression or talk of this clever trio. They had ordered a small but good dinner with exceeding judgment, were drinking an excellent light wine, and discussed all subjects of earth and heaven with nimble intelligence and an amiable agreement to disagree. He had gathered that one of them was a naval man on home duty; one whom they called 'Don," a young lawyer professionally engaged in the district but of sufficient comfortable fortune to be light of spirit despite that fact; and the third also a lawyer, of counsel for a great railway corporation having headquarters at the seat of government.

"I am the bets living authority present," said the last-named gentleman in a slow, slightly cynical voice, his eyes smiling rather than his lips, "on the subject of the Stelvio Biberon, since I got a peep at it last night. McPhail met me strolling home from here in the moolight near his house—Ah! how beautiful Washington is in summer moonlight with the warm intoxicating odors of flowers exhaling from the many gardens of her wide spaces—how much better than the fret and fever of half-baked Newport, or of overdone Bar Harbor. And one's empty airy house unvexed by the disturbing presence of wife and progeny! One's many bathtubs as places of resort before bedtime—Have we not chosen the better part of our country's abominably ordered summer life?"

"The Counsellor will please come to order," said his brother-in law. "We are well acquainted with his sardonic expressions of satisfaction with his single lot, and his philosophic rhapsodies in general. But neither of us has seen the famous drinking vessel that Italy has treasured all these centuries before allowing it to be wrenched from her by America. I am really curious to know what are his impressions of

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the marvel."

"It is superb," said the Counsellor. "A crystal sea monster on whom rides Neptune astride of his dolphin; every touch of goldsmith work in its setting, one that rowdy Benevenuto (whose memoirs I lent you last March, Tony, and I wish you would send them back!) might have been proud to sign. McPhail tells me—utilitarian soul!—that he's already been offered by a man in London to whom he will probably let it go, more than he gave for it in Italy. Mac, as we all know, is not prone to convey in his conversation an impression of the picturesque, but I'll swear his account of the gloomy old morgue of a villa he took it from, was immensely fetching."

A slight movement of the young foreigner at the adjoining table made the talkers lower their voices. What Stelvio next heard did not concern either his own house or his Biberon.

"He informed me, in answer to my congratulation, that his engagement is definitely off."

"All my congratulations to that beautiful young creature, Margot Methuen," said Tony, the naval man, enthusiastically. "Her engagement was one of those accepted necessities of evil fortune that make a decent fellow ashamed of himself for countenancing it. But what in the name of cold common sense is her family going to do without Mac?"

Stelvio, who had finished, or pretended to have done so, here rose rather brusquely and crumpling his napkin into a ball threw it upon his table and walked away. He did not therefore hear the young lawyer styled "Don" respond enigmatically:

"The answer to that question is in the laps of the gods. But I'd be willing to stake the price of the Stelvio Biberon that the Olympians will in this case look favorably upon one of their celestial circle strayed to earth and in trouble over mere mortal lendings."

"It is an hereditary charge, that of the Methuen family in your office, isn't it, Don?" said the Counsellor while lighting his cigar. "I seem to remember that good old Ashton, your honored chief, did what he could to straighten out their affairs. But I'm afraid if all we hear is true, even Ashton can't 'put Humpty Dumpty together again.' What an ill-considered thing of Destiny to launch upon a poor man's hands four—five daughters—how many are there?—in succession, and only one of them good to look at. What becomes of women like the older Misses Methuen?"

"I will try to answer you this day six months," said Don, laughing. He seemed, however, to be pretty cheerful about the Methuens, so thought the Counsellor.

* * * *

Stelvio could think of nothing above, below, past or future—but of Margot free, Margot sorrowing for her loved father, Margot needing his love and consolation. The days since he had quitted her in the little wood overhanging the Potomac, had been to him unutterably blank and miserable. He had gone off alone to spend them at a small inn in the suburbs where he need speak to no man or woman and could abandon himself to passionate regret. He had opened neither book nor newspaper, interested himself in nothing, until it was time to return to town to get his belongings together, sleep the night, and take the first express next morning for New York. And now—now—what rush of strong blinding sunshine had suddenly swept over him as if from beneath a lifting cloud! His eyes were dazzled by it, he felt giddy, uncertain what to do.

A short walk in the nearest city park clarified his confused ideas. He dared not go outright and ask to see Margot in her own home, a house of mourning crowded no doubt with alien folk who would eye him rebukingly. He remembered with relief the announcement of the presence at a hotel not far off, of Mrs. Wilfred Methuen. Perhaps she might consent to receive him and give him tidings of her niece. Alert now, and strong with high hope and purpose, he turned his steps toward the Arlington.

The negro lad who took his card to Mrs. Wilfred Methuen remained, Stelvio thought, an unconscionable time absent. Finally he returned and with soft voice and candid grin, asked the visitor to "Step this way."

Stelvio found the lady who had been his guest of honor at the breakfast resented by old Assunta, standing fanning herself by the open window of a hotel sitting-room but faintly lighted by a shaded electric lamp. She was dressed in deep mourning, and her comely face bore a look of weariness and perplexity, but she greeted her visitor with her accustomed courteous ease.

"How good of you to receive me!" exclaimed the young man, fervently. "If I had not been going to New York tomorrow to sail on Saturday for home, I would not have presumed to ask for it."

"If I hesitated in my doing so, it was certainly not because you were unwelcome," said she, rather nervously. "You see my trying to catch a breath of cooler air after a most fatiguing day. You are surprised that I am not more so in finding you in Washington, Count Stelvio. But I must tell you that I knew it before your card came up. We—I had thought you might have been on the ocean sailing homeward. This southern weather of course can't be as oppressive to you as to me."

"I had not given a thought to the weather," said Stelvio, truthfully. "You must know, of course, madame, that my whole heart and my ardent anxiety are for your niece whose sorrow I never heard of until tonight, nor of your presence in Washington. I felt that I must ask about her, so I dared to come here."

His direct attack was charming to the older woman. She liked men who were not ashamed of their feelings. She also liked a beautiful exterior joined to a manner of perfect breeding, and Stelvio's type had been rare to her of late among the followers of Miss Minnie Fothergill. Everything about her seemed to soften with her smile.

"Please sit down," she said, herself gracefully accomplishing the enjoined action. She had meant to speak to him, standing, for a moment only, then let him see that his audience was over.

"She—Miss Methuen is well—not too much overcome? The sad occurrence was sudden? Tell me anything you please but that she is suffering."

"She is suffering from great shock and a deep real sorrow," said Margot's aunt, half smiling at his impetuous flow of words. "Her poor father passed away in his sleep, as perhaps you know. She took upon her the care of everything, and until today when her two brothers arrived just in time for the burial at their place of family interment some miles from Harmony Hall, my niece has had great responsibility. It is better now the sons are in the house with their mother, who adores them, but it has been very hard. We have had a long day of it in this terrible heat, and it was five o'clock this evening before we were able to bring the widow to her own home. After all, my poor sister-in-law is rich in having those around her of her own flesh and blood to share her grief! I never realized that as I have done today."

The prosperous lady stopped with a trembling in her voice. She had seen Augustin Methuen laid beside the tomb of her own handsome vaurien of a husband whom she had loved so fondly until disillusion followed knowledge of his real self. She had seen the poor weak faded sister-in-law upheld in her hour of sorrow by sons and daughters who at least loved her loyally despite her faults. And she had realized that there are things that give better joy and peace in life than the world and its successes! Besides, had not her heart gone out to Margot with a great yearning to have her for her very own. After what she frankly styled "a dose" of that terrible Minnie, Margot's enchantments seemed doubled in her eyes. She had been told by the girl in confidence the tremendous sequel of the McPhail affair she had fostered. And did she not long to make amends to this brave and staunch young creature for the pain and humiliation she had helped to lay upon her?

Yes, and in reality the sight of Stelvio's card had set in motioin fifty whirring wheels of speculation and device within her concerning the possibility and propriety of bringing the two young lovers again together. The fact that she had carried her niece off vi et armis a few hours back, frfom the crowded little house where the arrival of "the boys" had made accommodation for the night a problem; and that Margot was at this moment resting quietly in an adjoining room unconscious of Stelvio's vicinity, were burning upon her lips, yet she dared not say the words announcing them.

She had left Lydia—the same foolish sentimental Lydia, but very quiet and devoted to Margot in her hour of trouble today—on guard near the couch where Margot had been coaxed to lie down after a bath, a little dinner, and a change from her hot mourning frock into a cool white tea-gown of Aunt Katrina's.

Lydia, when interrogated mutely through a crack of the door at the moment Count Stelvio was shown upstairs, had made signs that her young lady was asleep. The conversation between Mrs. Wilfred Methuen and the desperately anxious suitor had gone on in an undertone. Margot should certainly not—conventionally—be allowed to know that he was there. Yet would not Mrs. Methuen be justified in at least giving him a hint that might serve to arrest or defer his project of sailing in Saturday's steamer?

To go and put three thousand and more miles of salt sea between him and the girl who loved him as devotedly as he loved her; why should Aunt Katrina condemn two young hearts to this ordeal? No matter what convention said, the present, the warm breathing present, might be theirs now. Life was so short, the days of man's youth so fleeting, the eyes of this lover were so true, so steadfast, his face so illuminated with honest feeling, it could surely do no good to defer the realization of their happiness.

While talking with Stelvio of more ordinary topics, Mrs. Wilfred Methuen was also going over in her mind some practical aspects of the case of these two young people. A talk with her man of business in Boston had given her assurance that she might afford during her lifetime to bestow upon her favorite niece an allowance of respectable proportions, and this she had already taken steps to do. Nay, more; Margot's mother, who could not keep a secret however infinitesimal, had, that day, on the boat coming up the river, tearfully told her sister-in-law of the splendid bid McPhail had made to buy up her husband's papers; an offer that Margot had forced her to decline. Also on the day but one after "poor Mr Methuen's" death, Margot had not only told her mother that she had broken with McPhail, but had summoned by telephone from town, a young member of Mr. Ashton's law firm in whose hands she had placed every written scrap she had found in her father's letter-case! What was more, "the boys" on their arrival had been informed by their sister of her action, and had cordially approved it. If all her children set their judgment against hers, what was a poor woman to do? Her whole family had turned against Mr. McPhail, and would not let her remain a day longer at dear Harmony. But for her sister-in-law's generosity where they would all be now, God only knew! In losing Mr. McPhail as a friend, they would be plunged into the direst poverty. To be sure the doctor was very attentive to Jessy, and Maud thought she would be a success in literature. "The boys" had invited herself, Jessy, Maud and Margot to go out to their western home and keep house for them. Both of her sons were to get a raise in salary by Christmas. Julia, Mrs. Wilfred would be glad to know, had come back from Fauquier "engaged all over again" to Mr. Slacum; and the wedding day was fixed for September twenty-fifth. This was a great relief. But she could never, if she lived to a hundred, understand why the children were all so turned against Mr. McPhail!

Mrs. Wilfred, to whom Margot had given an outline of the tragic ending of her engagement, and its cause foresaw better than did the widow the possible shaping of present events. She felt sure that McPhail, driven to a corner by his fears of exposure, would surrender into Mr. Ashton's iron-bound care some portion of that money of Augustin Methuen's which he had evidently used as a foundation for his fortune. Mr. Ashton had lost no time in assuring Miss Margot Methuen that the affair she had put into his hands, looked at first sight "very promising." He had "given the papers over to the immediate scrutiny of a younger member of his firm" (none other than "Don" who had dined near Stelvio that same night!) and "as far as a cursory examination" went, was glad to assure his lamented friend Methuen's family that he had "hopes."

With all these exciting thoughts and suggestions swarming in her brain. Aunt Katrina's cheeks grew more girlishly pink, her eyes bluer, ten years fell away from her, as will sometimes occur to an older woman in dealing with the course of true love between her juniors. But yet, she could not decide what it was right to do. And Stelvio was going to sail on Saturday!

At last Count Stelvio inquired if she thought it would be asking too much for him to pay his respects to Miss Margot Methuen on the morrow. By taking a late afternoon train, he would still reach New York a couple of hours before it was necessary to go aboard the steamer sailing by daybreak on Saturday. He would not for the world hurry or pain Miss Methuen. It was too early perhaps to take her thoughts away from her family, for whom she had such tender regard. But as he was going away so soon—so far—

"Why, of course!" burst out from Aunt Katrina like the cork from a bottle of champagne. "She'd never forgive me in the world if I let you go now without her seeing you! She told me about your visit to Harmony Hall, and how it nearly broke her heart to—why, what am I saying—I don't know, but please wait and let Margot tell you for herself. Only don't excite her, or stay too long. She's in there, resting, but she won't be tired after she's seen you."

With a swift retreat to hide her breakdown into ignominious tears, Mrs. Methuen disappeared into the next room.

Stelvio, springing to his feet in rapt delight, wondered whether he slept or woke. But ah! no dream was this but an exquisite thrilling reality to behold Margot, pale and sad, come into the room holding out her hand to him in shy greeting, then sitting at a little distance from him, talk soberly of her sorrow, her gratitude for his sympathy, her wonderment when Aunt Katrina had told her he had found them out at the Arlington. All the joy of the world was tingling in his veins while he watched and listened to her. But he said no word of his love, and she seemed relieved that this was so.

Stelvio, too, was content; he had no wish to startle her now by a renewal of his vows of love. If he once began, thought the poor fellow, he could never stop it in the world, and he would not prove unworthy of Aunt Katrina's trust in him. So their talk, by and by, glided into the old congenial sympathetic course it had followed in the early days of their acquaintance on Lake Como. After she had told him what was needful of the circumstances of her father's death, and the discovery of certain complications in business with McPhail dating back many years, which had made it impossible for her father's child to fulfill a pledge made under false impressions to Mr. McPhail—by mutual consent the two abandoned the painful subject, and went back to this region of their first enjoyment of each other.

"And that grim old Guiseppe of yours—and Assunta, who looked as if she would like to stab me with one of her gold hairpins," said Margot, after a prolonged review of her visit to Far Niente. "Were they not greatly relieved when the one poor American vanished out of the neighborhood?"

"Good old souls, it is always through excess of zeal for me that they show at their worst. When they know you—if they know you better, they will fawn upon your feet. I must tell you that the money I got for the Biberon has raised me in their estimation to the plane of a millionaire, and they strut and preen accordingly. Even Guiseppe has condoned my being 'rich.'"

"The Biberon! Don't speak of it," cried she, her eyes grown misty. "If you knew how your sacrifice has haunted me!"

"Pray don't distress yourself. It would have had to go some day. Why, I heard tonight without more than a passing pang that the present owner is already talking of selling it again."

"Ah! If you might only have it back."

"I fear that's not to be thought of. I have already experienced too much comfort from the privileges it has bought me! And then, frankly speaking, I am glad, first to think it will go back to London and be out of the clutches of a possible second McPhail; next that the value another man sets on it proves the sum I received to have been a just one."

"All the same, I'd give anything if the quaint crystal creature had never left Far Niente. I shall have to own to you that the tender grace of a day that is dead in Italy means more to me now than the same atmosphere in Virginia. How it has all come back to me, tonight! And your exquisite Far Niente possesses my soul in memory more even than dear old Harmony Hall!"

As she spoke, a clock chimed upon the mantel.

Guiltily, Stelvio sprang upon his feet.

"Let me take those sweet words away with me," he said remorsefully. "How wretchedly selfish I am to keep you up. If I stay one moment longer, your dear good aunt will never again put her trust in my good faith."

Margot, who had been during their blissful hour of talk trying to put from her the thought of his going, took this to be a last farewell. As she also arose, all her sorrow came back overpoweringly, and the fatigues and emotions of the last days joined themselves to the poignant feeling that whatever death might be, it was worse to part with him. The brief subtle happiness died out of her eyes, she grew pale and trembled all over. But she held out her hand to him like a brave lady as she was, and tried to speak cheerfully.

"This is good-by, then? You are sailing Saturday?"

"Sailing? Leaving you? Don't hurt me like that, Margot."

"Ah! thank God!" she cried, and once again, and now for always, the love that was in them brought them heart to heart.

A couple of years later, Mrs. Clandeboye, who had successfully accomplished her coveted free visit to America, was again at Lake Como (this time in autumn) drinking tea tete-a-tete with Countess Fleury in that fascinating lady's hillside temple.

"I stopped last spring in Washington with the McPhails," she was saying, "and really, my dear, the way they live is all I ever imagined it. Quite too luxurious—and such a lovely old country home on the Potomac, too. Her frocks and jewels are of the best, and he seems to think of nothing but lavishing money on her. So un-English, isn't it? She looks handsomer than ever and seems perfectly happy, as why shouldn't she be? To be sure, the man's rather dreadful, but then so many of them are. Of course you don't mind, dear, one never thinks of you as one of them. Besides, we English all hate you Americans collectively and adore you personally. What I really meant was that the rich ones, those who give, are so apt to be horrid. She was a lady born, and shows it, and it must be hard, though I've been told she really likes him."

"Did anyone ever chance to speak to you of where the money came from that Countess Stelvio spends?" asked Madame Fleury, indifferently. In her heart she was dying to know.

"Oh! of course. Some old mining interest that turned up and proved valuable, after her father's death. It's nothing very remarkable, but enough for the family to live on. And you know Mrs. Wilfred Methuen came down after all with a fair allowance. But you ought to be better up than I in the Stelvios' affairs. I thought you and she were bosom friends."

"We might have been," said the Countess pensively, "but she doesn't forget that I did my best to marry him to Miss Conners—who has certainly made a much better match in Prince Leoni. The Stelvios are only at Far Niente a month in the spring and autumn. His work is at Milan, where people make no end of fuss over them."

"It's a grave mistake for husband and wife to be both so tremendously good-looking," observed the Englishwoman. "It's monotonous."

"If you'll believe it," said Countess Fleury, "I think the Stelvios like to be monotonous!"

THE END.

WORKING THEIR WAY.

Harper's Weekly.

Two young college men were industriously spending their summer vacation in the testing room of a large electric manufacturing works, where they were able to supplement their studies at the technical school by practical application and experience. The July afternoons were long, and the work at times very slack, so in one of these intervals of half idleness the young men determined to turn to and give the laboratory in which they worked a thorough cleaning. It was at this juncture that the janitor happened along—an old retainer whose years of usefulness had long since passed, but who still made a feeble, shiftless pretence of keeping busy, and was indulgently carried along on the payroll of the company. Catching sight of the young men industriously scouring the grimy windows—work which the old fellow himself systematically avoided doing whenever he could—he stopped to watch them approvingly.

"That's right, boys," he exclaimed at length, nodding his head encouragingly. "That's the way I got my start."

"The Blood is The Life."

Science has never gone beyond the above simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad" or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also clouded, the mind and judgement are affected, and many an evil deed or impure thought may be directly traced to the impurity of the blood. Foul, impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies and purifies the blood thereby curing, pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, hives and other manifestations of impure blood.

In the cure of scrofulous swellings, enlarged glands, open eating ulcers, or old sores, the "Golden Medical Discovery" has performed the most marvelous cures. In cases of old sores, or open eating ulcers, it is well to apply to the open sores Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve, which possesses wonderful healing potency when used as an application to the sores in conjunction with the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" as a blood cleansing constitutional treatment. If your druggist don't happen to have the "All-Healing Salve" in stock, you can easily procure it by inclosing fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post. Most druggists keep it as well as the "Golden Medical Discovery."

You can't afford to accept any medicine of *unknown composition* as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, the same being attested as correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

PRINTING WITHOUT LIGHT

Photographic Process Promises Important Developments

Of the many new processes which have been invented in connection with photography during the last few years none, perhaps, is so remarkable, or will have such far-reaching effects, as the Donisthorpe process of printing without light.

The tedious waiting for hours which a photographer often experiences before he can get a really good print from a negative, because of bad light, is altogether abolished by this new process, says the Boston Herald, which enables one to take a print from a negative in a few minutes, no matter what the light may be. In fact, no light whatever is required, and prints can be made at night just as well as during the day.

The inventor of the process is Frank W. Donisthorpe, a photography expert, who has several other discoveries to his credit. The new printing process is the result of much careful study and many experiments on the part of Mr. Donisthorpe, and the tests by which it has been submitted, not only by himself, but also by other independent experts, proves it, in the words of one of them, later, to be the "most wonderful departure in photographic methods which has yet been introduced."

The simplicity of the process, together with its economy, makes it a great boon to every photographer, whether a beginner or an expert. Briefly, and without going into too many technical details, the process is as follows:

First, the negative to be printed is immersed in what is known as a "hardening bath" for five minutes. It is then rinsed for two minutes, and placed in a strong dye solution for another five minutes.

After being taken out of the dye solution and rinsed, the negative is laid face upward on a piece of glass, while a piece of gelatinized paper, which has been soaked in water for two minutes, is laid face downward on the negative, the two being squeezed together.

After a few minutes the paper can be gently pulled off, dripped for a moment in methylated spirits, and, after being blotted, the print will dry in five minutes and is finished.

Immersion again for half a minute or so in the dye solution makes the negative ready to have another print taken from it in the same manner. In fact, any number of prints can be made from a negative after one hardening bath.

AN AFRICAN MODEL FARM

New York Sun.

A model farm in an African wilderness under the equator and a mile and a half above the sea is now attracting much attention. The Kenia farm was opened only five years ago, but an illustrated history fills pages of a French periodical; sportsmen in East Africa go out of their way to see it and the colonial government sounds its praises.

The Italian fathers of the Catholic mission of Kenia had money enough to start a farm, with up-to-date ideas as to methods of making it a good one. They trained native cattle to the yoke, bought good steel ploughs and are teaching Kikuyu men to turn a furrow. The Kikuyu women, who used to dig up their gardens with sticks, have lost their job. Three hundred black men are employed on this farm, and those who are handiest and get a little beyond the rudiments are sent out among their people to spread the elements of improved agriculture. The appliances include American sowing machines, disk harrows, hand cultivators, farm waggons and other wonderful things. The squads that manage them are awkward, if the photographs tell the truth, but the boys are improving, and they may be farmers yet.

Perhaps the good fathers are more enthusistic than we are over the efficacy of bacteria cultures in increasing the nitrogen content of the soil. They've caught that fever and maybe the results will be good. At any rate they keep the soil in good heart, and the blacks are getting a glimmering idea that there is value in rotation of crops and the application of manure. The white instructors are enriching soils that are naturally rich, to the wonderment of the natives. They can raise almost anything at that lofty level, from American grains to white potatoes, and the native palate approves the new kinds of food that are coming into use.

This is a kind of Christian endeavor which all sects must approve. The new things tend already to make Kikuyu mothers something more than beasts of burden. "What is the use," the natives are beginning to task, "in having the women tote everything on their heads when a yoke of cattle and a wagon can carry as much at a load as fifty women can tote?"

SWORDFISH GROW SCARCE.

Boston Transcript.

"It's bad enough when there aren't any fish to catch; but it's worst when you can see them, and can't catch them," remarked one of the crew of the fishing schooner Fanny Reed, by way of preface.

"When you go out for swordfish your catch depends on a combination of luck, which the Fanny Reed didn't have a large share of the time. We were out three weeks and brought back thirty-three fish. We sailed about the south part of Georges a whole week only catching three fish. Those came at the rate of one a day, and other days we worked all day without taking a fish.

The fisherman took a more despondent view of the Fanny's individual luck than was necessary, for his tale was similar to that brought by the crews of the Minerva, Maxwell and half a dozen other schooners which have had only indifferent catches during the latter part of this month. Many of the fishermen give the opinion that the swordfish grounds are rapidly being "fished out." They declare that the trips are neither so frequent nor the catches so large as they were as late as four or five years ago. It is rare now that a schooner comes back to T wharf with one hundred fish, and indications are that the supply has begun to diminish this year in advance of the usual time.

The swordfish, according to testimony of the fishermen, are growing more wild and difficult to catch this season. This wildness is always noticed towards the end of the season, but the fish have been more wary from the start this year. It is the opinion in certain quarters at T wharf among men who are thoroughly conversant with the fish supply, that unless restrictions are placed on sword fishing in local waters not many seasons hence the market will see a famine.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WHEN GIANTS FALL.

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 9 Is, "David and Goliath." I. Sam. 17:1—18:5.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

This is a bad year for giants. In fact, it looks as if the mortality among these sons of Anak would break records during the first generation of the twentieth century. Huge, vaunting, and seemingly invulnerable evils of heroic size and ancient lineage have gone tumbling before the onslaught of despised adversaries. Even the giant of monopolistic wealth seems toppling to his knees. The vested rights of mighty wrongs have been swept away with annoying rapidity. The simple-minded David of moral reform has borne the head of more than one Goliath of corruption to the inspection of sovereign right.

This old and deathless tale of the duel between the giant Philistine and the shepherd boy from Bethlehem has become one of the world's common figures of speech, to typify the conflict between wrong that seem all-powerful and justice that seems feeble. While the story is a true one, and its characters real personages, and so to be studied, yet the contest serves its best present-day purpose in illustrating the principles which to an especial degree need emphasis at the present time.

The Battle of Champions.

The background of the incident is simple and dramatic. The Philistines had grown increasingly bold in their raids upon Israel. The madness that was settling over the latter's monarch had made the nation's nerve weak. The two armies had encamped on the steep hillsides of a valley, in plain sight of each other. The attacked party would have such an advantage, because of the climb up the slope, that the issue was not joined through several weeks. The short-range weapons of the time required fighting at close quarters.

In this state of affairs the Philistines proposed a battle by champions, a procedure common in ancient warfare, and not unknown down to comparatively modern times. Their representative was a giant about nine feet tall and fully clad in the habiliments of an expert warrior. For forty days in succession this Goliath came down into the valley, taunting the Israelites to send forth a warrior to do battle with him. The sun flashing from his brilliant armor, and from the head of his mighty spear, added weight to his boastings, and helped increase the terror of the Israelites, who had no man fit to face the champion. Saul once would have dared the trial; but his royal spirit had been broken. Even courageous Jonathan seems not to have proffered himself.

All unnoticed, there came into the Israelite camp, with the springing gait of the mountaineer, a country youth bearing only his loud voice and his lions. Had any one chanced to observe the young man he would have remarked his unusual comeliness, his animated eye, and his fresh interest in the military life about him. But to the soldiers he was only one more messenger from back country, bringing supplies to his kindred. It was. The youngest son of old Jesse, David, had been called from the care of the sheep to bear his father's solicitous inquiries, and his gifts of cheese on the three eldest sons, who were enlisted in Saul's army. Nobody paid any particular attention to David, except his big brothers who welcomed him only for the gifts he brought; they seem to have been as churlish toward their young brother as has been the way of many older sons since. Neither they, nor anybody else, realized that the greatest event of that encampment was the entrance into it of that boy; if cities could but know when the real heroes enter their gates in the persons of ignored and, often, ill-treated youths!

A Big Brother's Scorn.

The shock which comes to many a home-nurtured lad, as he goes out into the world and finds wickedness thriving in boastfulness, came to David when he chanced to witness Goliath's daily challenge, with its piled-up insults to the God of the Hebrews. There were plenty of soldiers, eager to be tellers of news, who related to David the story of Israel's humiliation at the lips of Goliath and of her vain hope for a champion. While the giant's heavy tones echoed across the valley, the brag and spirits of the Hebrew army were taunted and dared by their fellows; others plainly showed their terror.

David was shocked. The scene penetrated to the depths of his spirit. To him it was fundamentally a matter of religion. These taunts and jeers of the enemy were an unendurable insult to faith that had become very sacred to him, in his lonely meditations on the Bethlehem hillside. So he could not restrain his wonder and hot indignation that an uncircumcised Philistine should thus "defy the armies of the living God." What he felt so deeply the youth, in youthful indiscretion, could not help speaking out openly.

Big brother Eliab did not like this. Possibly his own pusilanimity made him sensitive. At home he had been the hero and the brave man; therefore he did not relish the idea of having his small brother behold him skulking in the rear when champions were called for. So he rebuked the presumptuous stripling roundly, reminding him that his place was with the sheep. Bullied by Goliath, big Eliab "took it out" in bullying David.

Standing Before the King.

The young shepherd had no intention of being sent home in disgrace. From his first knowledge of Goliath he had doubtless been animated with the desire to have a try at him. Stout hearts never stop to measure inches. David had that intensely practical mind which no sooner sees a wrong than it attempts to right it. Although he had a youth's body, he possessed a hero's heart.

"His strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure."

The genius for transforming his purposes into actualities belonged to David; he knew the art of linking up his good intentions to good deeds. He fully realized that his outspoken scorn of the Philistine, and apparent readiness to accept the gage of battle, would be carried to the king's ears. Would that all champions of right had a measure of David's common sense.

Ere long the ruddy youth stood unabashed in the king's presence. Questioned, he related how he had bearded both lion and bear, when they threatened his flocks. His simple creed left no place for fear: "Jehovah delivered me." Saul saw that this youth was of hero mould. When a man sincerely talks as a partner of God, he is one his flock form or to join, according as one's own purposes are false or true. The great victories of life, through all the yesterdays of history, and in this present today, are won by high-hearted faith in the sure triumph of right. Napoleon in his sneer about God's being on the side of the heaviest battalions, but Napoleon died defeated and in prison and disgrace. The sense of being a worker together with God is the first essential qualification for success.

Saul, eager to grasp any prospect of hope, was enamored of the dauntless David. He at once equipped him with his own royal armor; but the shepherd lad floundered helplessly in it. Each piece of iron does its own way. It has ever been the mistake of zealots to look upon their own particular reform and their own particular method as the one way to defeat the giants of evil. From David we learn better. Every one must come to success along his own line. One man may fight in armor, and another with stone and sling; let not the conventionalist despite the originator. David set out to meet the champion, equipped only with the shepherd's staff and scrip, holding five smooth stones, and his trusty sling.

The Scornful Giant.

Little wonder that Goliath laughed, in scorn and in indignation. He gnashed his teeth at the insult of sending out this stripling to meet him. That was the grand great blunder; he despised his enemy. While he boasted and blustered and cursed, his doom advanced quietly to meet him. The dignity of David's studied reply would have warned him, had his wit been equal to his inches. The calm certitude and particularity of it were ominous, like the voice of a prophet. Beware of the man who fights calling on his God, and convinced that he represents the Lord. "Jehovah saveth not with the sword and spear," David reminded his big opponent.

Then the devout young champion uttered the sentence which is the core of this story, and the secret of every victory for moral reform—the motto which should be inscribed on the banners of those who do battle for total abstinence, for a pure state, for clean cities, for childless factories, for godly schools, for a holy Sabbath, for the redress of the wrongs of the working-men, for social purity, for world evangelization, and every other righteous cause. These are the words that interpret the defeat of all Goliaths: "For the battle is Jehovah's." The size and skill of the contending forces is relatively unimportant. The supreme question is, "Am I fighting on the Lord's side?"

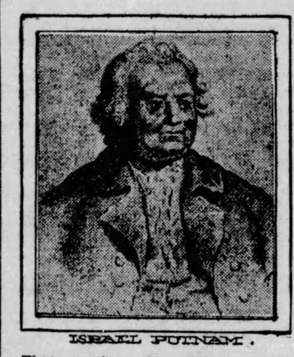
A Victory and a Prize.

As the giant leaned back his head in a guffaw of laughter—so runs the ancient comment—over the presumptuousness of this beardless youth, whose flesh he meant presently to give to the fowls of the air, the sling of David whirled once, twice, thrice in the air, and then straight to its mark in the head uncovered by Goliath's gesture of disdain, went the pebble from the brook. The practice in marksmanship with which the lad had diverted himself on the hills had not been in vain; no acquirement ever is. That despised pebble, from a humble weapon, brought crashing to the dust the proud champion of Philistia!

At once both hills began to re-echo with the shout, "Goliath has fallen!" The two armies, startled by this unexpected issue of the duel, tarried only to see the unarmed boy go forward and cut off Goliath's head with the latter's own sword, before the rout began. Jehovah was vindicated. His glory had been revealed; for he had overcome the mighty by the weak. The shepherd's sling had been used to bring down the mailed warrior whom the world had counted invincible. One more of God's surprises.

As for David, he earned unexpected reward—the highest. For he won a friend. Jonathan, the king's son, looked upon him and loved him, and their souls became knit as one. The honors showered on the victor by Saul counted for little alongside of this boon of a friend. Then, as ever, the friendship, formed when engaged in noble service, proved a lifelong blessing.

NOTABLE FIGURES IN NEW YORK'S HISTORY



ISRAEL PUTNAM.

That worthy old soldier, General Israel Putnam, who, when he heard of the battle of Lexington, immediately left his plough in the field and set out for the seat of war, was placed in charge of the American troops in New York city not long after, superseding General Lee on April 4, 1776.

One of his earliest general orders to the war-stricken city admonished the citizens to remain indoors between the hours of tattoo and reveille, and ordered all communication with the enemy's ship to cease.

When the British ship Asia sailed down the bay to meet her sister ships she was hailed from the Staten Island shore by a patriot rifleman, who coolly ordered the ship to heave to.

"For what?" asked an officer on deck.

"Because our orders is to suffer no boats to pass 'thout a permit from Gin'l Putnam."

The ship proceeded on her course, although the troops fired several volleys at her, to which she returned two shots.

CURE FOR SEASICKNESS.

Pilot Rock Record.

To pick up your home paper in a strange city produces a feeling akin to seeing your nation's flag floating in a foreign country. That we knew, but we did not know that sight of the home paper would cure seasickness until last week. A lady on board the steamer State of California, on her trip from San Francisco to Portland, was shown a copy of the Pilot Rock Record, and the effect was marvelous. The lady was on her way to Pilot Rock to pay a visit to her parents, but had been confined to her berth almost from the hour of leaving San Francisco. At sight of her home paper she came on deck and enjoyed the remainder of the trip immensely.

MYSTERY OF SHOE BUTTON

New York American.

When little Margaret Schniger, of Union Hill, N. J., was 5, she swallowed a shoe button. That was two years ago, and a series of convulsions had racked her ever since. Three times X-ray photographs have been made of her entire body, but no picture of the button was obtained.

Yesterday in Weismann's pharmacy, in Union Hill, Margaret coughed up a small object which proved to be the shoe button, with the steel shank rusted and the button part swollen. The physicians who had examined the child vowed that it wasn't the same button, and couldn't have been, else the X-rays would have revealed it.

The child's parents, however, said she hadn't had a chance to eat another button. So the medical authorities are wondering where the button kept itself all this time, if it was really the original button.

WHERE THE WEALTH IS.

Washington Post.

According to Secretary Wilson, the farmers during the last nine years have added $53,000,000,000 to the wealth of the country. Two years' output of the farms is sufficient to buy all the railroads in the United States. Not only has the farm output doubled in the last ten years, but the prices of farm products are 75 per cent higher than in 1896, when they had slumped along with other business. In 1907 the farmer received 8 per cent more for his product than in 1891, the previous high-water mark. This year, with a big crop and high prices, the farmers will be rolling fat, and well able to finance both parties if they like.

WONDERED WHY

Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak.

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it.

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—boiled until dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more, and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some one tell me the best time to cut osage fence posts, to keep them from being eaten by borers?—M., Mt. Pleasant, Ia.

I would wish some one would give me the recipe for the curing of a cow that gives bloody milk. When she "came in" she was all right.—F., Dunlap, Ia.

I have a cow that was fresh the 12th of April and has given her usual quantity of milk until about the first of June, when one-quarter of her udder became caked, but by applying diluted vinegar and rubbing briskly the swelling disappeared, but the cow ceased giving milk out of that quarter, otherwise she seems to be well and in good flesh.—S., North Bend, Neb.

Will some one please tell how to make cider from Siberian crabs that will be good to drink?—H., Pasco, W. Va.

Culture of Cowpeas.

The department of agriculture has just issued a very interesting and helpful bulletin on a cowpea culture. It says in part:

The cowpea is the best legume for the entire cotton belt, and can be practically grown much farther north. It is especially suitable for combined hay and seed production or for hay alone.

To make good cowpea hay requires careful handling of the crop. The plant should have made its growth and have at least the first pods ripe when the mowing is done. Uniformity in maturing is essential in getting the best results. The use of tedder is very helpful. The serious loss of leaves can be avoided by not handling the hay when the leaves are dry and brittle. The curing is best done in small cocks, and the hay is ready for the stack or barn when no moisture can be wrung from the stem by twisting it with considerable force.

Cowpeas for hay production are very advantageously grown in mixture with sorghum, Johnson grass, or soy beans. The yield is thus increased, the quality improved and the curing more easily done. Cowpeas give very good results when grown with sorghum in cultivated rows, and are very commonly planted in corn and used for grazing or ensilage.

Pasturing cowpeas is not the most economical practice, but it is frequently resorted to because of the small expense it entails. Cowpeas are especially suitable for grazing hogs.

Cowpea hay is very nutritious. It is nearly equal to wheat bran as part of a ration. It is satisfactory for work stock and for beef or milk production, and it good results when fed to poultry. The grain is a rich feed, excellent roughage, and nearly as valuable as the hay.

Cheaper cowpea seed will result in the much more ext

One of the Essentials

The happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and the living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented are those which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

WRITING ONESELF OUT.

Andrew Lang's Plaintive Defense of the Poor Novelist

While we acknowledge that the labor of the novelist is light and is on the whole rather more remunerative than that of the conscientious historian, or the naturalist, would-be novelists must remember that a sword of Damocles, as they would say, hangs over their heads, suspended by a single hair. Before one pauses to ask, Who was Damocles? When and where did he flourish, and who suspended the sword, and why? These questions, I think, novelists could answer, and I share their ignorance, writes Andrew Lang, in the London Post. The sword, at all events, is the novelist's peril of overdoing himself. The novelist, almost alone among men, is constantly rebuked for the virtue of industry.

Nobody denounces a barrister for making too often in court. One hears that he is rather disapproved of by doctors if he confines himself to a few nice masterpieces in the conduct of cases. This always amazes me. There appears to be a lack of admiration for conscientious reserve and economy of energy in the barrister, in the physician and the surgeon. These artists may not restrict themselves to three cases daily, but the novelist does not improve in reputation if he publishes four novels annually. Why should he not do so? It is his profession to write novels, and he is uneasy when he is not at work. If he produces, say, one novel in 18 months he must have long spells of terrible idleness, while an energetic man writes. He might as well be a drone in the hive, a capitalist. He is compelled to loaf, to travel, to play three rounds of golf daily, to flog the river for eight hours, though salmon are absent or sulky. Thus our novelists are finally forced to go into parliament in sheer compulsory idleness. Their trifling fancies supply them with plots for characters which they may not write. If they fly in the face of public opinion they are accused of overworking themselves. Probably they are. In fact, writing as well as ever, but public is against them.

These are old drawbacks to the profession. Even the poet suffers. An adept of Scott's earnestly besought him to write The Lady of the Lake. He later written The Last Lay of the Minstrel and Marmion. To write more is to overwriting himself. After 1816 Scott was constantly accused of overwriting himself. It needed Don Juan to revive his popularity. Nobody knows whether Wordsworth overwrote himself or not. He was obliged to guarantee his publishers against loss, as the publisher "was dormy," the rest of mankind did not care. They mocked Scott also for overwriting himself as a novelist. His reply was that he would go on writing till the public left off buying. Had he not been handicapped by his legal duties he would have written at least twice as many novels. I am of those who think that he had done so.

The novelist is almost the only man who may not be an industrious in his profession as he likes. Like Scott, he could have another profession, "fiction as a good walking stick, but a bad crutch." Moreover, all human minds have a limited stock of ideas. Even Shakespeare repeated some of his characters; he was usually a melancholy Jaques; even Hamlet is a Jaques in unharmonious circumstances. The clown was a necessary convention, and this convention was the hedge and buffer of the dramatist. He must have his pendant, his angry old father, his bragging soldado, his impudent, industrious valet, his lover and so forth. Every writer has his favorite types of character—Dickens' man on the watch; Scott's wild old woman; his rustic wag; Thackeray's bore. He varied them wonderfully in details, but Sidney Smith detected Mr. Pumpsaint Sampson, Meg Merilles and others, always coming on in new disguises, as Norna of the Fitful Head, Meg Merrilies; Baldersthone; the pendant in Woodstock; Winella in Peveril of the Peak; Isabel in skirts; and almost all the heroes are Henry Morton with variations. Thus Scott had overwritten himself, while the dramatists might introduce their stock characters endlessly because they were conventions established by Roman comedy. The novelist has his favorite rural district; some this is forgiven. A man may love Devonshire forever, but he must not forever delve in his wee Kallyaire.

He must go to Central Africa, to Dogsgerbank, or Alaska, to Afghanistan, or Ancient Egypt, or Assyria, or Roman Crete, a delightful country full of romance, which no novelist has invaded.

Thus I am rather sorry for the novelist. His wares must vary like feminine fashions; if they do not they fall out of fashion. In the prime of life he is superannuated. If he endures he must write love scenes at an age when, like Thackeray, he blushes over his task. In no other profession are men so unfortunately handicapped, subjected to so many mortifications. Yet, if the novelist has another profession, his books are apt to be a drawback to his success. If he has neither time nor energy to give to his books. Perhaps market gardening or chemical research is the field for the energy of the novelist who may not write as much as he pleases.

FRANKLIN AT QUEBEC.

Baltimore Sun.

The tercentenary of the city of Quebec recalls a memorable journey to that city made 132 years ago by four American commissioners. Their object was to secure the aid of the Canadians in the war against England. The latter were eager to revolt, but, being faithful Catholics, feared that union with the rabidly Protestant New England colonies might imperil their religious security. It was the object of the American mission to convince them of the error of their fear. Of the four commissioners three were Marylanders. They were Charles Carroll, of Carrollton; his cousin, John Carroll, afterward archbishop of Baltimore. The fourth commissioner was Benjamin Franklin. It was thought that the three commissioners from Maryland, a Catholic colony, might be able to win over the timid Canucks, but the mission failed.

TIGER'S SWIM FOR PREY

London Standard.

A correspondent at Penang transmits details of an exciting encounter with a tiger in that island, a circumstance which at the first blush is somewhat curious, since tigers in Penang are historically in the same category as snakes in Ireland.

It was a Chinaman of Balik Pulau whom the adventure befell. He heard an uproar in his compound at dawn and rising hurriedly found a tiger creating havoc among his pigs. He fired at the intruder and killed it in one shot at short range. The animal was eight and a half feet long and stood three feet high at the shoulder. Investigation showed that the tiger had swum across from the mainland (Province Wellesley), resting midway at the leper island of Pulau Jerepak.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

THE GULF STREAM.

Why do not vessels going from New York to Queenstown or Liverpool, follow a straight course? Does the Gulf stream have any effect on the course of vessels? Where does the Gulf stream rise and what is the cause of it? Do vessels plying between New York and the ports of England or Ireland encounter any currents or streams other than the Gulf stream?—J. H. D., Zanesville, Ohio.

Vessels in traveling from New York to Liverpool follow the Gulf stream instead of following a straight course for the reason that the current carries them along much more rapidly than if they traveled a straight course.

The Gulf stream, the largest and best known of the great ocean currents, derives its name from the Gulf of Mexico out of which it flows, between the coast of Florida on one side and Cuba and the Bahama Islands on the other. With a breadth of about 50 miles in its narrowest part, it rushes along at the rate of five miles an hour. It follows the coast of the Atlantic till it washes the banks of Newfoundland, and then it sweeps across the Atlantic and nearly touches the shores of the British islands and Norway. As it passes out of the Gulf of Mexico it has a warmth of 86 deg. F., which is several degrees higher than that of the ocean at the Equator. This heat it so far retains that it only falls to 75 deg. at Labrador. The great cause of the gulf stream is believed to be the winds perpetually blowing from east to west over the tropical seas. One needs only to look at the configuration of the western shore of the Atlantic ocean to account for the production of the gulf stream. Its source may even be found in the Indian ocean. The trade winds of the ocean produce a gradually increasing current of its waters which strike the African coast north of Madagascar. The current divides, and encloses that island, and passing southward rushes around the southern cape of Africa, taking the name of the Agulhas current from the cape of that name, and passing into the Atlantic ocean. At this point it has at certain periods of the monsoons a velocity nearly as great as that of the Gulf stream at the Bahamas. This current, passed northward by the Antarctic polar current, courses along the African course, is turned westward by the form of the continent and is lost in the great equatorial current produced by the Atlantic tradewinds. This equatorial current sweeps across the ocean until it reaches the American coast, where it divides on the eastern cape of Brazil in 8 degrees south latitude. The greater portion bends to the north, carrying with it along the coasts northwesterly the great currents of the Amazon and Orinoco. This current then passes through the Caribbean sea into the Gulf of Mexico. These waters, warm from the African coast and equatorial regions, are heaped up in the great circular basin 1,500 miles in diameter, into which no northern countercurrent can penetrate, and are here further heated until they rush out through their only outlet, the straits of Florida, with a force that carries them to the shores of Norway and the Azores, while countercurrents, carrying down icebergs, are gliding from the polar seas toward the equator.

NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA

Please tell me the width and heighth of the natural bridge of Virginia, and give a short description of it.—F. J. S., Neva, Tenn.

The natural bridge in Rockford county, Va., 115 miles west of Richmond and 160 miles southwest of Washington. It is distant by stage road from Lexington, the capital of the county, 14 miles. It is situated at the extremity of the deep chasm in which flows the little stream called Cedar creek, across the top of which, from brink to brink, there extends an enormous rocky stratum, fashioned into a graceful arch. The bed of the stream is more than 200 feet below the surface of the plain, and the sides of the chasm, at the bottom of which the water flows are composed of solid rock, maintaining a position almost perpendicular. The walls do not seem to be waterworn, but suggest the idea of an enormous cavern, that in remote ages may have been covered by the continuation of that stratum of which all that now remains is the arch of the natural bridge. A plumb line dropped from its center down the vertical face of the rocks swings clear at the depth of forty feet. Towards its sides this regularity increases with a graceful curve, as in an artificial structure. Its breadth is full 60 feet and the stone is a highly silicious limestone, extremely hard to break, formed in massive blocks and strata, with no evidence upon its weathered surface of tendency to decomposition or ruin while away. It is thus apparent that the insignificant little stream which now runs in this deep gorge has no agency in shaping and producing this wonderful channel. Mightier forces have worn away the hard strata, more powerful torrents than any that now flows over the surface—set in motion probably when this portion of Virginia was shaken by those great convulsions which displaced its piles of strata to the depth of thousands of feet, bringing into juxtaposition, along the line of fissures which are still to be traced, groups of rock everywhere else found separated by other formations, the aggregate thickness of which might be measured by miles. Across the chasm passes the public road, and being in the same plane with the neighboring country, one may cross it in a coach without being aware of the interesting pass.

THE SAHARA DESERT.

What is the cause of the Sahara desert? Also give a description of the same.—M. J. S., Commerce, Iowa.

The Sahara, the largest desert in the world, occupies an area estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,500,000 square miles. The sterility of the Sahara is largely attributable to the fact that the prevailing northeast winds which blow over its surface bring it no moisture, having been almost drained of aqueous vapor in their long continental journey over Europe and Asia. On the mountains south of the Mediterranean they deposit more than they have collected in their brief passage over that sea. When they reach the heated desert beyond, where the absorptive capacity of the air is greatly increased by the access of temperature, they bear away moisture instead of bringing it, and it is not condensed into rain until it reaches the mountains of Central Asia. The Sahara is probably subject to a higher temperature than any other region on the globe; the thermometer has been known to register 133 degrees F. This terrific heat imparts their dreaded characteristics to the simoons and other similar winds blown off the desert. According to Sir Charles Lyell, the Sahara was under water between latitude 20 degrees and 40 degrees N. at one time during the glacial epoch, so that there was water communication between the southern part of the Mediterranean and that portion of the Atlantic ocean now bounded by the west coast of Africa. A project has of late been advocated of reconverting the deeper part of the Sahara, an area of about 126,000 square miles, into a sea, by cutting a canal from the Atlantic through the sand hills which form the western border.

THE DUNKARDS.

Please give a brief history of the Dunkards.—R. R. E., Cleveland, Tenn.

The Dunkards are a religious sect of the German-American Baptists, founded by Alexander Mack in 1708. Their doctrines resemble those of the Mennonites. They derive their name from the mode of baptizing by immersion. They reject infant baptism; use great plainness of dress and language; refuse to take oaths or fight; and anoint the sick with oil in order to effect their recovery, depending upon this unction and prayer, and rejecting the use of medicine. They will not go to law and until lately the taking of interest upon money was not allowed among them. They celebrate the Lord's Supper with its accompanying usages of love feasts, the washing of feet, the kiss of charity and the right hand of fellowship. They believe in general redemption, though it is not an article of faith with them; but they deny that they are Universalists. Besides the Dunkards as a sect there are Seventh Day Dunkers, also called the German Seventh Day Baptists. They were established by Conrad Beissel, a native of Germany. In 1725 he published a tract to prove that the seventh day, not the first day, was established by Jehovah as the Sabbath. This created some disturbance among the society at Mill Creek, upon which Beissel retired secretly to a hermitage upon the banks of the Cocalico. Being discovered by some of the Dunkards, who settled around him, the first community of Seventh Day Dunkers was established in 1728. In 1733 a monastic society was established and monastic names were given to all who entered the cloister. In 1740 there were 36 single men and 35 sisters in the cloister, and at one time there were 300 members of the society living in the community. The property which belonged to the society by donation and the labor of the single brethren and sisters were common stock; but none was obliged to throw in his own property or to give up any of his possessions. In earlier days the idea of a universal restoration existed among them; but it has never been taught as an article of faith, and is always approached with caution. The Dunkards of the country have dispersed themselves in almost every state of the union, especially Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and Indiana. In 1900 they reported 2,998 ministers, 1,129 churches and 111,481 communicants.

NATURALIZATION.

Is a foreign born young man 21 years of age a citizen of the United States if his father was naturalized February 26, 1906?—J. E. R., Ashtabula, O.

He is a citizen of the United States, for the reason that "the children of persons who have been duly naturalized, being under the age of twenty-one at the time of the naturalization of their parents, shall, if dwelling in the United States, be considered as citizens thereof."

DOG DAYS.

Please tell when dog days begin and how many days they last for the year 1908.—C. B., Swains, Ohio.

Dog days is the name applied to the hottest season of the year at the time of the heliacal rising of Sirius, the dog star; that is, the time when it rose just before the sun. They usually lasted for about forty days. We still retain the expression dog days, as applied to the hottest season of the year, but owing to the precession of the equinoxes it is no longer the time of the heliacal rising of the dog star. There is no fixed time for the year 1908.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

Please tell when it was discovered that anthracite coal would burn.—A. C. W., Oakland, Pa.

Anthracite coal was first burned in the old Fell house, Wilkesbarre, Pa., in February, 1808. The experiment was conducted in a primitive sort of a grate built for the purpose by Judge Jesse Fell. He had written to friends, telling them that when properly ignited, the "stone coal," as it was called then, would burn, but they laughed at him. He soon discovered that there would have to be a draft to keep it burning. He then built a grate of ten-inch bars, in which he placed the coal and ignited it with splinters, keeping up a draft by means of a bellows. The coal glowed redhot and ignited other coal beside it. Judge Fell jubilantly told his friends, but they did not believe it until they saw the coal burn.

THE BOYCOTT.

Please give the origin of the word "boycott."—R. M. O., Anderson, Tenn.

Captain Boycott was the agent of an estate in Ireland. The tenants became came dissatisfied with his management and asked the landlord to remove him. This request being refused them, the tenants quit work and made an agreement among themselves that none of them, including their wives and relatives, should work for him at harvest. His crops were endangered, but he managed to get assistance from outsiders in time to save them. The tenants then decided to treat all persons who had dealings with Boycott as total strangers and also refused to buy from them or sell to them. This was later called boycotting a person.

HONEYMOON.

What was the origin of the word "honeymoon"?—L. S. M., Buchanan, Tenn.

The word "honeymoon" is derived from the ancient Teutons, and means drinking, for thirty days after marriage, of metheglin, mead, or hydromel, a kind of wine made from honey. Attila, a celebrated king of the Huns, is said to have died on his nuptial night from the excessive drinking of hydromel during his wedding feast.

ODD FELLOWS.

Please tell about the origin and the name of the Odd Fellows.—M. J. N., New Albany, Pa.

Odd Fellows is a name adopted by members of a social institution having signs of recognition, initiatory rites and ceremonies and grades of honor and dignity. The oldest lodge is the "Royal Aristarchus" No. 9, which met in 1745 in London. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows was formed in Manchester, England, in 1813. Odd Fellowship was introduced in the United States from Manchester in 1819; and the Grand Lodge of Maryland of the United States was constituted February 22, 1821. In 1842 the society severed its connection with the Manchester unity. In 1843 it issued a dispensation for opening the Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1, at Montreal, Canada.

THE McCUMBER PENSION BILL

Please publish the McCumber pension bill, passed February 6, 1907.—R. J. S., Kinsman, Ohio.

The McCumber bill makes the following provisions:

"That any person who served 90 days or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the late civil war or 60 days in the war with Mexico, and who has been honorably discharged therefrom, and who has reached the age of 62 years or over, shall, upon making proof of such facts according to such rules and regulations as the secretary of the interior may provide, be placed upon the pension roll, and be entitled to receive a pension as follows: In case such person has reached the age of 62 years, $12 per month; 70 years, $15 per month; 75 years or over, $20 per month; and such pension shall commence from date of filing the application in the bureau of pensions after the passage and approval of this act. Provided, that pensioners who are 62 years of age or over, and who are now receiving pensions under existing laws, or whose claims are pending in the bureau of pensions, may, by application to the commissioner of pensions in such form as he may prescribe, receive the benefits of this act; and nothing herein contained shall prevent any pensioner or person entitled to a pension from prosecuting and receiving a pension under any other general or special act. Provided, that no person shall receive a pension under any other law at the same time or for the same period that he is receiving a pension under the provisions of this act. Provided further, that no person who is now receiving or shall hereafter receive a greater pension under any other general or special law than he would be entitled to receive under the provisions herein shall be pensionable under this act.

"Section 2. That rank in the service shall not be considered in applications filed hereunder.

"Section 3. That no pension attorney, claim agent, or other person shall be entitled to receive any compensation for services rendered in presenting any claim to the bureau of pensions, or securing any pension under this act."

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

Will you please describe thunder and lightning, and what is the cause of it? —A. B. H., Big Clifty, Ky.

Lightning is the illuminating flash produced by the discharge of atmospheric electricity, either between two clouds or between a cloud and the earth, usually accompanied by a noise called thunder. There are forked, zigzag, ball, sheet and heat lightning. Zigzag is produced by a discharge of a large quantity of electricity from a cloud through a resisting medium which becomes compressed at various points and thus turns the current aside. The more the air is rarified, other things being equal, the more readily will it permit the passage of an electric current, and the more it is compressed the more resistance it offers. Ball lightning has the appearance of a ball of fire, accompanied by a terrible explosion, and results from an unusually intense charge of electricity which forces a direct path. Sheet lightning has the appearance of a diffuse glare of light, sometimes illuminating the edges and sometimes the whole surface of the clouds. It may be caused by a stroke of zigzag lightning at a great distance, sending its light through great thicknesses of clouds, so as to give the appearance of diffuseness; or it may result from the passage of electricity of no great tension from particle to particle, like that produced in discharging an electrical machine over the surface of a bedewed pane of glass. Heat lightning differs but little from sheet lightning, being produced in the same two ways. When produced by the reflection or transmission of zigzag lightning, thunder is not heard on account of the distance. The color of lightning varies like that of the spark of the electrical machine when passed through the receiver of an air pump in various states of exhaustion, or when it contains different gases and vapors. The heat produced by the electric discharge traversing the atmosphere causes a sudden expansion of the particles next it, with a sharp compression of those beyond, in a great wave; on its passage the particles contract as suddenly, and the waves roll violently back, producing the noise of thunder.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Please give a sketch of Andrew Carnegie.—W. M. S., Krise, W. Va.

Andrew Carnegie, American ironmaster, manufacturer and philanthropist, was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, November 25, 1837. He began life without much money, while now he is a multi-millionaire and wishes to die poor. He built up his immense fortune through steady labor. His father owned a small hand loom business, but was forced to quit when steam began to be used. The Carnegies then emigrated to the United States and settled in Allegheny City, where young Carnegie found work as a bobbin boy in one of the factories with the salary of twenty cents per day. He became a telegraph messenger and soon worked himself up to the superintendency of the western division of the Pennsylvania railroad. He shrewdly invested some borrowed money that paid good dividends. During the war Carnegie controlled the eastern military roads and telegraph lines as Colonel Scott, the vice president of the road, was appointed assistant secretary of war. In 1862 he organized the Keystone Bridge Works, which built the first iron bridge across the Ohio. In order to increase the profits he had the Union iron mills erected so that they could furnish their iron. Plate after plant was added until they became one of the chief industrial factors in the entire business world in this, its greatest age. In 1888 he obtained controlling interest of his foremost rival, the Homestead Steel Works, and in seven other immense establishments centered around Pittsburg. In 1899 he consolidated these into one giant structure, the Carnegie Steel company, and in 1901 Carnegie retired from business life, transferring his company at a valuation of $500,000,000 to be merged into one still vaster, the United States Steel corporation, formed by J. Pierpont Morgan. Carnegie's United States residence is in New York; his summer establishment at Skibo castle, in the extreme north of Scotland. Mr. Carnegie has given a large part of his fortune to found libraries and schools. His benefactions to date amount to $70,000,000. He is also known as an author, having written several books.

HUGH McCULLOCH.

Will you please give a short sketch of Hugh McCulloch?—R. M. G., Hobson, W. Va.

Hugh McCulloch, the American financier, was born at Kennebunk, Maine, December 7, 1808, and died near Washington, D. C., May 24, 1895. He graduated from Bowdoin college, went to Fort Wayne, Ind., in 1833, where he practiced law until 1835, when he entered a branch of the state bank in Indiana where he was promoted rapidly. He was appointed comptroller of the currency in 1863 and in 1865 became secretary of the treasury under President Lincoln. During the civil war when the finances of the country were in a critical condition, McCulloch, in less than two years, put them on a sound basis. He remained in the cabinet until 1869. McCulloch opened a banking business in London in 1871, where he remained until 1878. President Arthur reappointed him secretary of the treasury in 1884, which position he held until the close of the administration. A book written by him and many of his speeches have been published. He was the last living member of Lincoln's cabinet.

TWENTY-THREE.

Will you please tell what the expression "twenty-three" means and where it originated?—S. R. F., Pennington, N. J.

"Twenty-three" is a slang for "getting left" or "out of it." There is no authority for the origin of the expression, but it is said to have originated at the Sheepshead Bay racetrack, where there is room for just twenty-two horses. At one time twenty-three were on the track and the starter, seeing that the track was full without the extra one, said, "twenty-three for you." He meant that he had no number and was therefore behind and must take his chances on winning the race.

JUTE.

Will you please give a description of jute?—A. H. M., Rush Center, Kan.

The jute of commerce is a fiber produced from two species of tiliaceae, the corchorus, olitorius, and cerechorus capsularies, two plants alike in qualities though slightly different in appearance, and sown indiscriminately; the first having round seed-pods and reddish stalk, the latter long seed-pods and bright green stalks. From the fiber, which is the cheapest known, are produced gunnies, gunny-cloth, and cordage, and from the finer qualities shirting, carpets, coat lining, etc., are made. It is extensively used for mixing with silk, cotton and woolen fabrics, and also in paper making, while the leaves are eaten in many places as food.

THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY.

Will the Question Bureau please tell when the President's salary was raised from $25,000 to $50,000? How much does it take to support the President?—A. M., Port Allegany, Pa.

The President's salary was raised from $25,000 to $50,000, the present sum, March 3, 1873, Grant's second term. In 1907 congress appropriated $25,000 for the President's traveling expenses. The appropriation for the care of the White House, its stable and greenhouses, was in 1907, $50,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. D. L., Bloomingdale, Fla.: Mrs. William H. Taft is not a member of the Roman Catholic church. She belongs to the Episcopal church, and Mr. Taft is a Unitarian. This statement has been made in these columns a number of times. Rumors don't count.

F. C. D., Kansas, O.: All the information we have was contained in the dispatch to which you make reference. It was sent out by the Associated Press.

S. M., Piqua, O.: Write to some book publisher. It is against the Bureau's rules to give addresses.

S. S. Y., Indian Springs, Tenn.: We have no statistics bearing on the subject covering which you make inquiry.

S. C. M., Shickley, Neb.: Your question is one for editorial discussion, and not for these columns. It will be taken up in due time.

W. P., Oak Grove, Mich.: We are not certain that "The Castle of Gloom" has been published in book form. However, some book publisher could tell you.

W. M. B., Zenda, Kan.; Vespasian Warner is commissioner of pensions.

M. C., Elkins, W. Va.: See Question Bureau in The Blade of July 23 for answer concerning Virginia debt.

ART IN BILLS.

A Chicago woman, standing on the Hamburg-American line's pier with four trunkfuls of French gowns, told a reporter a story about the late M. Paquin.

"A New York lady," she said, "once ventured to remonstrate with Paquin because he had charged her $700 for a ball dress.

"'The material,' she said, 'could be bought for $100, and surely the work would be well paid with $50 more.'

"'Madame,' said Paquin, with his grandest air, 'go to your American painter, Sargent, in his little Tite street studio, and say to him, "Here is a yard of canvas, value 50 cents, and here are colors, value $1. Paint me a picture with these colors on this canvas and I will pay you $1.75." What will the painter say? He will say, "Madame, those are no terms for an artist." I say more. I say, if you think my terms are too high, pay me nothing and keep the robe. Art does not descend to the littleness of haggling.'"

The KNIGHT and the LADY.

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

When she entered the chair car of an eastbound train at the station of a city it is not necessary to mention, she was an immediate object of interest to the occupants of the car. She was pretty enough to attract attention any place she might go, but the sight of her in the car was especially refreshing to the weary and dusty travelers.

Her hair had the tinge of oak leaves in late autumn. Her eyes were a dark, velvety brown, in whose depths a star of mischief seemed dancing. When she smiled, dimples twinkled in her cheeks, but the dimples were not revealed until later in the journey. Of course it is not necessary to say that her lips were like cherries, and her teeth were rows of pearls. They always are in a case like this.

She moved with fairylike grace, apparently unconscious of the many eyes that were focused upon her. The porter was ostentatiously courteous in showing her to a chair, and when she was seated after a careful adjusting of skirts, he bent over her solicitously to say, "If there's anything mo' ah kin do fo' you, jest yo' tech the bell."

The lady nodded her head in answer, and turned her face toward the window, thus dismissing the porter.

Across the aisle was a youth whose admiration for the winsome one was at once awakened and openly displayed. Unmindful of watchful glances, he tried in many ways to attract her attention, but she was Lady Disdain, and, to all appearances, was unaware of his existence. A coy damsel was she, and one that could not be won without persistent wooing.

The youth's head was covered with a thatch of auburn hair, and across his nose and cheeks was a thick sprinkling of freckles. One would not call him a handsome knight, yet it was evident he longed to do and dare for the newly arrived lady. The chair in front of Lady Disdain was empty, but after cautious maneuvers and a slow approach, the knight sat him down in the chair, and whirled it around so he might face the lady. Still she kept her face turned toward the window, seemingly absorbed in the scenic panorama.

Thus ignored, it must be confessed the knight whirled his chair to its original position quite rudely. He sat and sulked for a moment after the rebuff, then, with the vanishing of his ill-humor, his courage revived. He whirled again and kneeling on the chair with his chin on its back, deliberately smiled a broad, good natured smile at the lady. Then and there feminine nature displayed one phase of its infinite variety. The lady smiled in return and brought into play her captivating dimples. Still broadly smiling, the knight took his fate in his hands and dared to speak.

"My name's Ernest Hardy," he said, "what's your's?" he demanded.

From appearances his was the spirit of the cave man who rushed from his lair upon the woman of his choice and clubbed her into submission.

What the lady answered cannot be told. She spoke in a small voice, too low to be heard above the noise of the train. Whatever she answered it must have been satisfactory as the knight assumed a masterful air and made a blunt inquiry as to the lady's destination.

Again her answer was too low to be heard, but the knight spoke up boldly. "I'm going an awful lot farther," he boasted, "it's most a hundred miles."

The lady coquettishly gave another display of dimples, and looked at the knight with increasing admiration. Like most of her sex, she rather liked being taken by storm, though she made a show of resistance.

Basking in the sunshine of her approval, the knight proceeded to show his appreciation. In his ecstacy he performed several feats of agility in which his heels took the place of his head. He began jumping up and down in his chair like a jack-in-the-box, to which he compared himself for the lady's edification. She beamed upon his efforts to be entertaining, whereupon he usurped the art of the acrobat and dazzled the lady with the astounding contortions of his body. Occasionally he jumped at her fiercely, then put his head down and grinned. Then he growled in imitation of all kinds of animals. The lady was won completely. She accepted these tributes with a calm smile of pleasure, meanwhile the passengers looked on in amaze at this bold and unusual flirtation.

"The impetuosity of youth," one commented, whose heart was still young and could share in youth's effervescence.

The knight openly resented the attentions of the conductors. He scowled dangerously at them when they approached the lady and took her tickets.

"Is someone going to meet you?" one of them asked.

The knight could have killed him for daring the question.

"Oh, yes," the lady answered primly, "my mother will be at the station."

After the conductors had reluctantly departed, the knight looked aggrieved and the lady looked worried.

"I have a box of luncheon," she ventured, shyly, "there's some awful good cookies."

"Oh!" exclaimed the knight, forgetting his bad temper. "I'm a dandy with cookies."

He was kneeling in the chair again, with his chin resting on its back. Someway, their attitudes had undergone a reversion. The lady seemed the most anxious to please, while the knight was accepting her attentions in rather of a grand manner. However, he was still charmed, and presently they were cosily lunching together. Their friendship, now on a firm basis, progressed rapidly, and soon the knight, with reckless disregard of public opinion, was lounging on the arm of the chair in which sat the lady. To be sure, her slender figure did not require much space, but they were undeniably sitting very close together.

The pasesngers looked at one another with significant glances. The knight and the lady were "going some," one of them opinioned. But what cared the knight and the lady? Absorbed in each other they chatted confidentially, as if trying to make up for the time they had lost before they came together. There were no long silences, such as fiction writers cause to ensue when two hearts are as one and words are not necessary for the expression of deep feeling. These two had met so lately they were entirely new to each other, though they had not been long in discovering their congeniality.

With intent to pridefully display his knowledge, the knight began to propound arithmetical problems. Some of these the lady could answer, and some she could not. When they were too difficult for her solving she confessed her ignorance with pathetically drooping lips and appealing eyes, looking so adorable the knight loved her all the more for her ignorance, and was filled with a sense of superiority that gratified his vanity.

Time sped as swiftly as the train, and it was all too soon when the lady reached her destination. They came to it so unexpectedly there was no opportunity for tender farewells, or to arrange for future meetings. The porter took possession of the lady's satchel without asking her permission, and led the way to the door of the car, announcing "Heah yo' is!"

The knight glowered at him for his presumption and inwardly boiled with indignation at being deprived of this service to the lady. He went with her to the steps, where they said a hurried goodbye to each other. He saw her caught up in the arms of one he supposed to be her mother, then the train moved away, and with its departure one of life's little dramas was ended.

Reluctant to have the lady pass out of his sight, the knight leaned far out from the steps, straining his eyes for a last glimpse. A strong hand grasped his shoulder, and pulled him out of danger.

"Yo' was shorely fixin' to get killed good and plenty. Ain't yo' got no sense?" shouted the porter.

It may be they never shall meet again. It may have been simply a brush of hearts in passing. It may be the incident shall fade from their memories, for nine were the years of the knight and seven numbered those of the lady.

TAMMANY MAN'S SURPRISE

One of the many surprises for eastern visitors at the recent Democratic convention in Denver was the general use of "iron dollars"—that is, silver—to the exclusion of paper money, according to the New York Tribune. It is related that a "well heeled" Tammany man passed a $1,000 bill over the bar of the leading hotel, and waited for his change. "Tom," said the bartender, turning to the colored porter, "take 75 cents out of that and hand the gentleman his change." The negro never turned a hair. He took the bill, walked around to the stock room and in forty seconds came trundling a wheelbarrow up in front of the bar. He stopped in front of the New York man, pulled a tarpaulin off the wheelbarrow load, touched his hat and said, "Yo' change, sah." There was the change—999 silver dollars and a 25-cent piece.

THE TURKISH BEGGAR.

Charities and the Common.

Beggars are never suppressed in Turkey. The story is told (and they say it is true) about an American lady who by a mistake gave a beggar of Constantinople a gold piece. The man had left his post when she returned, but one of his colleagues told her where he "resided." It was a fine house and at the door was a servant who politely informed the lady that "my master is dressing." He will be down soon," and then the well-groomed beggar, dressed for dinner, appeared and gladly returned the gold piece, explaining in the meantime that such mistakes were highly embarrassing.

MALACCA BELLES.

London Globe.

Eastern standards of beauty differ, like the customs, from those of the west. In Malacca, we are told, the small waist and velvet eyes do not count, but instead the length of the neck is the criterion of beauty. The longer it is the more perfect the beauty. The girl of Malacca, at a very early age, is fitted with a metal collar which compels her to keep her head erect, and as she grows the collar is increased in size, and by this means the neck is gradually elongated. A Paris contemporary, with the present style of corset in view, suggests that, given time, figures equally grotesque will be seen in European cities.

THE DAY OF THE ROSE

Ubiquity of Queen of Flowers Echoes Directoire Times.

It is the perfume of the rose that is the scent of the season, just as the rose is the queen of flowers in millinery circles. Strange blossoms are trying to usurp the throne at present. There is a vogue for peonies of the most exquisite shades from palest pink to deepest red. Mammoth knots of blue and even pink cornflowers are being used, huge dog daisies, trails of laburnum, azaleas and wistaria are seen. But still the rose is the favorite flower, in quaint colorings one must admit.

Huge pale-gray blossoms are rather startling, particularly when allied to a dove, lavender or pure white chapeau, according to fashion's latest whim. Such a hat, a large mushroom, is made of Tagal straw in the palest of pale gray shades, decorated with huge gray roses and lavender tulle.

White roses with colored hearts, blue, pink, yellow and lavender, are novelties, but still the pink rose is the predominant choice, and nothing can be more beautiful, whether it be made of satin, chiffon, tissue, or in the ordinary way.

It is appropos, this fancy for rose scents and rose corsage blossoms, rose embroideries and roses as a millinery adornment. For it is an echo of the directoire days, when the Incroyables carried roses in their hands or wore nosegays of them, and the women vaporized themselves with the scent of the flower, saturating their flimsy Indian muslin toilettes with the delicious odor.

KING AND AIRSHIPING.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Kings, as a rule, do not take up new hobbies when they are on the wrong side of 60, but the king of Wurtemberg is not of this class, as may be seen from his airship adventure. But he has always been in favor of progress on political and scientific lines, and his interest in cloud journeys is by no means of recent date. Perhaps more monarchs would indulge in adventures of this kind—if they were permitted. It may be remembered that when King Edward VII (as prince of Wales) was at Niagara Falls Blondin offered to carry him on the tight rope over the falls. But, for more reasons than one, the invitation had to be declined.

Simple Story of a Feminine Financier

THE DOCTOR SAID SHE MUST HAVE REST.

A certain girl who did Manual labor with her Brain amassed the Large sum of five hundred Dollars. She was Saving up to go Abroad. To this end she embraced every oportunity to Economize. Her Brother gave her a Few spring Clothes and incidentally some very Good advice about taking a Vacation. She accepted the Former and laughed at the Idea that she was working too hard. The Doctor came in a hurry one day and said she must have a Change and complete Rest.

The Brother made all arrangements for her to go to a Sanitarium, but just about this Time she received a letter from a Rich cousin she had never seen begging her to come up and pay them a Visit. She immediately changed her Plans about going to the Place where she would have to pay so much a Day.

In spite of all the Sensible brother could say, she was Determined to put the money he gave her for the Rest cure with the Other she was going to Spend in Paris. She wired to the Cousin to Expect her.

The country home of the Rich relative was more like a Castle than anything she had seen, and the Other Guests were very Agreeable, though most of them Considered Life a Bore. But the first day passed off so Pleasantly that the Girl congratulated herself on her Good sense in having come Here rather than to some Lonely Cottage by the Sea.

When a Game of Bridge was proposed, the Semi-invalid was not at all Interested. She loathed all games and hardly knew one Card from Another. But she was Needed to fill out a Table and accommodatingly Came in to keep the others from being Disappointed. She didn't realize that they were Playing for Money. The Girl lost, and when the bedtime Candles were lighted she was still too Dazed to appreciate the fact that she had gambled away the money she had received for one Short story and two Illustrated articles. The next day she played again.

This time she won the Price of a thousand word Short story at a cent a Word. She would have stopped, but the lady who had to Pay up remarked in an Aggrieved tone of something about the Ethics of the Game and it being against the Code to quit a Winner. In the next Round she lost a Serial story and three dime magazine storiettes, not to Mention all her Newspaper work. She plunged in recklessly, spurrde on by the Hope that her luck would change. Alas! it did not. What remained was not Enough, she realized, to save her self-respect in tipping the Butler and Maids and the one hundred and fifteen Menials who had Licked her shoes under the impression that she had Money. She started to slip off one dark Night down a Rope ladder.

She stayed a week, however, and her Brother had to wire her Money to get back Home. He considerately refrained from asking any questions. She told him quietly that she had given up the Idea

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Circulation Last Week 202,000

A raise of salary is the sincerest flattery.

And again, there is General Coxey; he hasn't as yet nominated a presidential ticket.

One drawback to a newly-organized political party is that it cannot "point with pride."

"Make way for prosperity," shouts Charles M. Schwab. In other words, get off the track.

Mr. Taft can feel certain that Mr. Bryan read his speech, even if it did contain 12,000 words.

Manitoba is calling for 30,000 harvest hands. Why not go up there for a vacation? The scenery is grand.

Some fellows seem to think that they ought to be able to sit in the shade and see Prosperity around the corner.

We haven't heard of any man making a vow to let his hair grow till Bryan declines a presidential nomination.

It is quite likely that the corn crop will seriously interfere with Mr. Bryan's purpose of carrying Ohio.

It is charged that Mr. Taft once upon a time wrote poetry. But let's be fair and wait for the contradiction.

Isn't it a violation of the rules to call Mr. Bryan a "platitudinous parasite" before the campaign is open?

It is not necessary to notify the 1908 corn crop that it has been nominated as a candidate for popular favor.

The notification committee will visit Mr. Bryan August 12. There appears to be no doubt about finding him at home on that day.

Is this really the land of the free, when a man is not allowed to contribute more than $10,000 to a campaign fund?

While we may sometimes sneer at the poets, what a great relief it would be to have a real poet write our campaign songs.

Dr. Osler has reached the chloroform age, but for all we know he may be quietly testing Wu Ting Fang's 200-year recipe.

Mr. Bryan is said to want the advice of old-time Democrats. However, he didn't listen to those who advised him not to run again.

All political parties are in favor of good roads. However, that does not necessarily mean that the country will soon have good roads.

We have read a lot of patent medicine advertisements, but never ran across any testimonials from the "sick man of Europe."

When Mr. Bryan says "yes" to the notification committee we may expect that it will be done in the thundering tones of eloquence.

An Oklahoma woman has just secured her second divorce from the same man. She probably doesn't think much of that old poem, "Try, Try Again."

There are now seven presidential candidates in the field. In 1900 there were eight, so it will be seen that we are breaking no records this year.

The farmers of the country might be willing to give Bryan a dollar if he would give a written guarantee not to monkey with their prosperity.

Men who never thought much of King Alfonso may change their minds and regard him as a brother, since he has had a quarrel with his mother-in-law.

Candidate Chafin, of the Prohibition ticket, has started on his campaign without waiting to be notified. His must be a case of political buck fever.

Before the campaign opens let us have a perfect understanding. Did Mr. Kern ever vow that he would let his whiskers grow till Bryan is elected president?

While the people of Turkey are exhibiting confidence in the sultan we are still going about the matter of selecting a cantaloupe with fear and trembling.

Among other things, Mr. Bryan, in his forthcoming speech of acceptance, may argue that a candidate for the presidency should not weigh more than 250 pounds.

It is evident that Mr. Bryan, after reading Mr. Taft's speech of acceptance, would not give the Republican nominee more than a dollar a word for a jungle story.

There will be six or seven presidential tickets in the field this year, and yet there may be a man here and there who will prefer husking corn to going to the polls on election day.

The Esperantist version of America is as follows:

"Ho, Mia land' pri vi
Gojege kantas mi,
Libera lan'!
Mortis la prapatroj;
Tie la prapatroj:
Voku vi montflankoj;
Vivu la land'!"

As a matter of fact we have heard America sung in a way that sounded worse than that.

GOING FOR HARRIMAN.

The attitude assumed by Mr. Harriman to the rest of mankind inspired a satirical lawyer to remark that he lived in a highly rarified atmosphere of his own.

The country at large—that part, rather, neither related to, nor interested in, the Harriman scheme, which may, after all, not be so large—has been wondering for some time how soon the government would attempt to bring this Pike's Peak down to a level where the air pressure was 14.7 pounds to the square inch. Wall street has chosen once or twice to speculate on the question and suffered somewhat in the process. Now the department of justice is pushing the suit filed at Salt Lake City to disrupt the combination. It is determined to make its case stick, if the thing is possible. Traffic men throughout the country will be subpoenaed to tell what they can as to the means used to smother competition, and the former chairman of a freight bureau is to give his attention solely to looking up evidence.

Harriman has been under examination as to his monopoly construction several times. At moments he has suffered from those lapses of memory which so peculiarly affect the higher financiers and at other inquiries he has been not merely frank, but has wandered far beyond the limits fixed by the cross-examiner and delivered most entertaining disertations on railroad matters. More enlightenment has been received from Harriman than from H. H. Rogers or J. P. Morgan in similar circumstances, but the value of the information thus shed has never been very great. His engaging openness, in fact, had permitted the avoidance of a multitude of admissions the examiners had been most anxious to obtain. Harriman is as good a dodger as he is a caster of nets.

Throughout the period when most of the railroad men of the land have rested and waited for developments from Washington, Harriman has continued at his game, defiant, almost triumphant. An example of his web-weaving is brought out by one Salt Lake action. In order to reach everyone concerned the United States attorney was compelled to make six roads defendant. The Santa Fe road was made a party because Mr. Harriman owns $10,000,000 worth of its stock, and the Great Northern because of a similar ownership of $35,000,000 worth of stock. The San Pedro road was joined because Mr. Harriman is said to have compelled Senator Clark to let the Oregon Short Line have $25,000,000 worth of stock of that company. The Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific were parts of the original system.

It is too early to guess whether the government will succeed in getting the Harriman scalplock. If the railroad men who have been shorn of their crowns by this daring absorber of property will lend their aid, doubtless the business can be done in a hurry. Professional custom, the practice of standing up for one's own kind, may interfere with the hope of securing aid in this direction. Still, remembering all that has been said of Harriman's offenses, it ought not to be difficult to teach him to breathe in an atmosphere considerably more dense than that through which the clouds travel.

CONCERNING AEROPLANES.

The temptation is to smile at the performances of the Farman airship at Brighton Beach as something more amusing than suggestive of utility. Inventors have been working at the problem of flying for several years and, as compared with the swift development of other mechanical forces, have appeared slow. The performances hardly rise to the point where the present is prepared to shout "marvelous."

But it is unsafe to commit ourself to a wet blanket policy toward airships. Directly after Prof. Langley's last experiments on the Potomac proved a failure, a distinguished astronomer showed, by the compelling argument of mathematics, that a machine heavier than air could not be constructed which would bear the weight of a man above ground. The solution was very plausible. Shortly after, the Wright brothers went a-flying and the astronomer's figures were not worth more than the off-hand views of the man at the corner grocery.

The locomotive, the telephone and the automobile, to take only three representatives of a century of inventions, passed through a period of scepticism. Who is to say that the aeroplane is a blunder? Is it your father who said the telephone was a joke? Or you, who declared that the motor car was a plaything?

FREE TURKEY.

Since our own affair way back in the seventeen hundreds and some, Americans have had a large sympathy for peoples who kick over the traces of monarchy. The Turk, as a Turk, hardly presents points of attractiveness which win the heart of the extreme Occident, but as one who demands his liberty and a right to play the man bravely he has our applause and good wishes.

The revolution in Turkey, though attended with little powder-burning and bloodshed, is, nevertheless, a revolution. The government is in as topsy-turvy a mess as if an insane Fourth of July had been celebrated in each and every department. The thing has been coming for a long time. Abdul Hamid fought it off as long as he could, strangled it, tied it in sacks, as is the Turkish way, and dumped it into the Bosporus, massacred and pursued it into the high hills. Yet the sentiment for reform was a thing that could not be slain. It had that strange element of immortality belonging to all movements for liberty. The sultan, at last in panic, announced that he would grant a constitution. And then, the eruption!

It is told by a traveler who was at Monastir, when the news came from Constantinople, that the women of the harems, catching the infection of excitement which charged the air, marched into the streets and tore away their veils, an action as revolutionary to modesty as planting a bomb upon the sultan's doorstep would be to politics. The Koran, it is said, obligates women when out-of-doors to wear the face covering. But the harems were in revolt and the men-folk said it was well. Further, a priest told the women they had committed neither crime, nor indiscretion, but had made the world more beautiful. Occasional glimpses of Turkish ladies makes the ecclesiast out a terrible flatterer.

Every country, when it ceases to feel the galling of the yoke, begins to fleck its muscles and think a lot of itself. It was stronger than it imagined and, perhaps, stronger than everything else that calls itself a nation. So Turkey may be expected to give signs of self-complacency. Soon, it will be boasting and the natural direction of its bravado will be toward those warships which from time to time loom up in the Dardanelles for the purpose of collecting debts, or indemnity. Listen to the clatter of a reawakened patriotism, the talk of a rejuvenated and reunited people, and laugh not. It is the way of a land whose shackles have just been knocked off.

More serious will be the problems in the new relations with the powers. Abdul Hamid had a trick of playing one jealous European empire against another. He made secret treaties and granted sops of concessions. The "Young Turk" party, when it is actually, instead of potentially, in authority, will discover that open diplomacy may not fit the situation. Germany, for instance, has a finger in almost all the new enterprises in Turkey. Its capital is in banking, shipping, in industrial and commercial business, throughout the country. It will relinquish control only after stubborn opposition. Austria-Hungary is interested and also Great Britain. Italy and France, too, must be dealt with. The task beyond the borders is likely to prove a harder one than that within.

"Young Turkey" may be assured of American approval. Turkish rugs and wrestlers will mount in our esteem.

ARE BOYS WILDER.

A writer in one of the August magazines makes the grave charge that never before has the American boy been so wild. He offers a number of examples to support the daring statement, intimating that this should be taken as sufficient evidence that our youngsters are going to the mischief.

All things are relative. It is manifestly unfair to declare this is a wilder age unless one is able to prove that former generations more nearly approached model behavior. It is not uninteresting to see upon whom and upon what the reflection is cast.

This accusation being true, then our system of education is a failure. The increase in literacy, the broadening of the public schools in curriculum and discipline, the endowment and founding of universities have been for naught. Whatever the present has in schooling which the past had not is effort wasted. The builders alone have profited.

Again, the establishment of charity institutions which have taken such boys from the streets who might otherwise have had to seek their living there, has been rank foolishness. A more selfish, but wiser past, did better by the boys.

Juvenile courts, which have been put in force to prevent sending young delinquents to the jails and penitentiaries where association with matured viciousness is considered bad, are a mistake. Instead of saving boys from corruption they have frittered away time and energy. Boys are wilder now than they ever were before.

The people who have narrowed the territory in which the saloon trade may ply, who have driven the brewer and the distiller from many states in order that the growing lad may not come under the evil influence of alcohol, have, by this indictment, accomplished nothing. It was fated that the boys of our time were to be wilder than in the good old days of the grog shop domination. Local option, in the minds of that magazine author, must have done nothing worthy for the generation which is next to rule. It is marked by extreme barbarity.

And, of course, all this is nonsense. It has been the observation of historians, statesmen and philosophers that the world is growing better. Our boys—to contradict the gentleman flatly—are on the whole less recreant, less evil-disposed, than the generation gone, considered entire. And that generation, when you think of the things our grandfathers confessed to, wasn't so awful either.

DR. WILEY'S GERMS.

There would be something positively alarming about Dr. Wiley's discovery of colonies of germ cells in unexpected corners of the pantry if one never heard of these hale and frisky centenarians who grace every healthy community. They came on earth before the germ theory was even a factor and flourished in years when the bacilli had never a suspicion of antiseptics. Possibly they tremble now when they glance backward and see the darkness through which they walked unknowingly. But it is a safe wager that they smile contemptously.

It would be not merely foolish, but ungrateful, not to give Dr. Wiley his due. He has done great things. But it is the way with man that absorption in one line of thought will tend to make him exaggerate its importance. Doubtless the person who gathers and classifies sea shells considers he is doing a great thing for humanity.

Recently Dr. Wiley discovered germs in drinking glasses, in the utensils of hotels and restaurant kitchens, even in the soap which, in its ignorance, the public had been thinking a god-given germicide. This should be interesting as an addition to the realm of knowledge rather than a subject to be worried about. For all microcosms are not harmful. It has been estimated that only about six kinds in one hundred can do any mischief, and then only if conditions are ripe. Some of the animalculae are of positive good and necessity. Without them we should perish. They labor for man's health and well-feeling. Their absence, some scientists assert, would mean the immediate death of the greater part of all of the higher forms of animal life. It may well be that the presence of germs in cups and kettles doesn't speak well for cleanliness, but it doesn't mean we are doomed unless somebody is more careful.

Dr. Wiley has our utmost respect. He is invaluable in his position, and what fame he has earned he is entitled to through a praiseworthy consistency of purpose. But, remembering that many men and women have lived to a green old age without bothering their heads about the germ hypothesis, we fail to discover any reason for stampeding over the matter.

CONUNDRUMS ABOUT US.

Nature gives up her secrets so generously, so whimsically kindly, that man is rather given to boasting of the standing he has in her confidences. The libraries grow with the records of her disclosures, the streets, the parks, the fields, proclaim the increase of her gifts.

But here and there the riddles remain as unsolved as in the beginning. The smallest things have appeared to prove the most baffling. They puzzle the learned and shrewd, and, because they are seeming trifles, they irritate as well. Why is it, for instance, that a fire-fly has a lighting system, not merely a fixed glow which might be explained easily, but one which it is enabled to turn off or on at will, as if with a switch? There is a hypothesis in every text book on biology; none of them agree. Why is it that the experimentalist can build up albumen in his laboratory, identical in every way, and yet lacking in that one fatal difference, the vital essence?

The daily news is a chronicle of oddities; freaks which are explained and then diagrams are necessary to understand the explanations. Is anyone ready to offer a reason why an apple tree, for example, will start on the very margin of winter, to raise another crop? Of course, some one is. But will the answer fit the case of those octogenarians who are reputed to have cut a set of new teeth, or whose whitened locks begin to be streaked with dark? Obviously, it will not, but then, you'll admit, there should be some parallel in these cases.

Probably nature planted these problems in homely places in order to correct that tendency of man to get "swelled on the job." It is the fly in the ointment to keep him from reckoning himself with the gods. Wisdom will never have knowledge, possibly, which another generation will not feel capable of revising.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

That honesty is the best policy is a truism verified by everyday experience in the business world.

A little more than a year ago William Walker, cashier of a savings bank in Connecticut, disappeared and an investigation showed a deficit in his accounts of more than half a million dollars. Walker, seemingly, dropped off the face of the earth. A fortune was spent by the bank in trying to find him. Recently he was apprehended in Mexico, the thousands that he had stolen are gone and all the money he had in his possession was one dollar. He was taken back to Connecticut, a shadow of his former self, and is now serving a long term in the penitentiary.

You say there is nothing new in this little story and that, excepting as to details, it is being retold almost every day. Unfortunately this is true. It is not unusual for a man enjoying the confidence of a firm or corporation helping himself to funds which are not his, in the vain belief that he will not be found out.

A young man has the get-rich-quick fever. He wants more money than he can earn by honest endeavor. Perhaps he has a desire to live in the style enjoyed by his employer. It may be he has an expensive family. He thinks he needs a country home, or a more expensive town house, an automobile, a launch. He is certain he must have more money and there it is right before him. It is not his but he can take it, a little at a time, and it will not be missed. He will help himself to a small amount and play the market or the races and then return it and it will help him make the pile he so much needs.

Of course he loses and he takes more money. He is not detected and he becomes bolder. Instead of hundreds he filches thousands, perhaps tens of thousands. He means to replace it, but he does not because he cannot. At last he realizes he is in so deep he cannot extricate himself. When too late he thinks of the honor of his family and the awful position he is in. He will be detected. He knows it now. He must do something. Instead of being bold he turns coward. He will kill himself and end all. Suicide is confession and he will confess.

Or else, coward that he is, he flees. He goes into another state or another country. He cannot escape his own conscience and the chances are he cannot escape the authorities. His money does him no good, for, like honor, it is gone. He is captured, brought home a wreck in body and mind, and goes to prison for a term of years. Does it pay? Of course not!

Honesty is the best policy and no man can afford to go through life on any other platform.

AS TO BUYING GIBRALTAR.

The movement to make a public preserve of Gibraltar, known sometimes as Jay Cooke's island, is a worthy one. Its historical associations must prove the influence with the state and the federal governments, which are to be asked to purchase it and assume joint control, but there are other reasons which should be as appealing to the public in general.

Gibraltar would represent nothing of utility. Left to pass from hand to hand it would always be in the hands of someone who would prize it for its fishing, its stimulating air and its fine outlook. And just as Jay Cooke valued it as a summer resort and a delightful place in which to gather his friends about him, so some others than his heirs and assigns would employ it. Therefore, in the eyes of the people at large, the little island would be coveted as picnic grounds as a relief from the depressing south wind and a restful and exceedingly picturesque park. In other words, since it is never to be any man's livelihood, it is best that as many persons be permitted to enjoy its rare pleasures as possible.

The arguments which will be put up to the Ohio legislature and to congress will not be mean ones, though the historical side, in one sense, is of minor consideration. It was on the promontory of Gibraltar that Commodore Perry stood when he watched the British fleet which he was the next day to engage. When in the course of time the little island came to be Jay Cooke's it was visited by many of the most notable men of America, for the banker had both a taste for celebrities and a liking for cheerful company. To Jay Cooke himself, the United States owed a great debt of gratitude. He was the financier of the northern arms in the civil war. He it was who amassed the sorely needed funds. His name supported the bonds and the paper currency issued, and his pledged word kept many an investor loyal and patriotic when he trembled for his capital.

Gibraltar should be public property. It ought not to be a great labor to make the government and the state see this.

HIGSEN, WHO? WHAT?

It was a great victory for Thomas L. Higsen at the Hearst convention. It required three ballots to nominate him and, for a time, there was grave danger that another nonentity would snatch that glittering nomination from his reach while it was within his very fingers.

The future of Mr. Higsen is exceedingly bright. He is permitted to advertise the newspapers of William Randolph Hearst and, as a reward, he may read his name written largely in 72-point type in those same saffron journals. A happy prospect. Some one will come to know who he is. More. A great number will become acquainted through the agency of Hearst, with the fine angles of Higsen, with his interesting family should he happen to possess one, with his scholarly achievements in Massachusetts statesmanship, unless, as it might be, he has achieved not at all. In the meantime we must be patient. There is no enlightenment on the subject of Higsen in "Who's who," or in the other works where the births, genealogy, offices and favorite recreations of American notables are tabulated. Mr. Higsen's star is rising. With the aid of a good pair of opera glasses you may soon be able to behold him.

As for John Temple Graves the sliding is easier. In the phrase of the old French regime he is "born." He has sprung from the loins of the mighty and his voice is of that enviable texture. For many years John Temple Graves was a newspaper personage in the south. He had a lot to say and an interesting way of saying it. He became noted throughout Georgia and then, one sad morning, John Temple glanced into the mirror and discovered he was a very serious creature indeed. What he wrote henceforth was mostly Graves until his employer suggested that the personal pronoun in the type cases was getting a bit worn and it might be well to relieve it. There was a quarrel. The controversy was a famous one. It shed important light on the huge ego of John Temple. He started a rival paper. What became of it is part of the secret history of Georgia. It is not to be more than mentioned here.

The limelight, when it next swung in the direction of Graves, was at a banquet of Democrats where he advised them to nominate Theodore Roosevelt on their ticket, Bryan to make the proffering speech. The counsel was not taken. Soon after, Georgia bade him a tearful farewell. He departed to take up the task of writing editorials for the Hearst papers in New York. His employer, you will observe, thinks quite a good deal of Graves, as events turn out.

The Independence League, like many another institution, is confusing in its label. It could hardly be said of any party that it represented an independent attitude when it was dependant for direction, platform and funds upon a single individual. Still, what Hearst was figuring on, was possibly an independence for himself.

But Higsen! We look forward with a thrill of anticipatory pleasure to discovering who and what he is. We will save the clippings. They may be handy some day.

HAY FEVER TIME.

We are on the outskirts of the hay fever season, the period of tears and of greatest prosperity in the retail handkerchief trade. The malady may be said to be one of our most important American institutions, for it is marked by its own peculiar set of phenomena and its effect upon business and social life is widespread.

All the encylopedias list the symptoms of hay fever and give a hint as to its therapeutics. The later ones give the theories relating to its origin and hold out a hope for the ultimate conquest of the disease. It is, it appears, a nervous affection of the eyes and nose and throat passages, caused by the pollen which the plants of the grass family cast into the air in midsummer. A Prof. Dunbar, of Hamburg, after a study of seven years, discovered that the irritation is not mechanical, but is brought about by a poison in the pollen. A solution of this toxin, he found, when dropped into the eye, produced all the characteristics of hay fever. He set about the task of obtaining a serum which would offset the poisonous properties in the flying pollen and finally isolated a substance that checked the disease in its earlier stages. The remedy appears well within sight.

Most of those who suffer from hay fever wish that Prof. Dunbar would hasten his experiments and put the universal panacea within the reach of all. Yet there are persons, doubtless, who look upon the intervention between the disease and the patient with genuine alarm. They are the ones who have built up sanitariums in hay feverless sections, the hangers on who supply amusement to the exiles and those towns which count an annual profit as coming from pollen cursed districts. Also, it may be, many of the afflicted will not take kindly to the serum remedy. They have enjoyed their standing as invalids and the vacations in the mountains and the upper lakes would be relinquished reluctantly.

Hay fever, it seems, has a bright beside a tearful side.

A GAME IS YELLOW.

The palaver of Hearst will deceive only the unthinking. The position he has taken of superior moral principle is bolstered neither by his own previous record, nor by his avowed campaign plans.

Hearst is, as a matter of fact, playing a political game, far-sighted and shrewd. He remained in Europe until after the Denver convention to avoid becoming involved in the Democratic engineering. He was thus enabled to dodge being consulted on the platform, the delegations, or the candidates. Had he been in this country some of the astute politicians of the party might have so compromised him that he had been compelled to endorse the Denver choice. He saw, moreover, that the eastern Democracy was unhappy over the Bryan candidacy and would give it only a half-hearted support. By maintaining his own ticket in the field he remains a public character and four years hence, should there be an upheaval among the Democratic forces, there is a chance for him to snatch a leadership of the flambuoyant, spectacular sort so dear to his scheme of exploiting himself and his scandalous newspapers. Until that critical moment arrives he will be advertising himself at no great cost, certainly at none which will not be repaid by additions to his newspaper revenue.

It is the rare privilege of the Republicans to sit back and take amusement from the performance. For the votes which the Independence party will attract will come from the Democratic and Socialist ranks. The platform, with a few ultra-radical planks excepted, has little which the Bryan stage does not offer. The truth is Hearst does not wish to get too far from the Democratic tenets. He might find the walking altogether too rough when his moccasins turn homeward. By a judicious use of the checkrein on his radicalism, while giving the impression that the beast has plenty of freedom, he will be one of the first, in the event of a reorganized Democracy in 1912, to drive up to the convention doors.

Hearst is playing for Hearst this season, as in other years. The cards he holds, if ventured cannily, may give him the constituency his soul desires.

A WORD ABUSED.

One of the most hateful things about the war waged by the brewers in their effort to regain lost ground is their misuse of good elemental English words. The case would not be so bad if it were not plainly cowardice. Here is a sentence from an interview given out by a liquor league which has just opened headquarters in Cleveland:

We will fight any candidate who has not declared himself for personal liberty.

You are to interpret this that the league is determined to bring about not only the defeat, if possible, of any aspirant for office who has opposed the saloon, but anyone who has not also expressed himself in its favor. While these people could go so far as to insist on this advocacy, not even accepting indifference in the matter, they yet lacked sufficient spirit to be above board as to the vital phrase. "Personal liberty" means saloon to them. It is, unfortunately, getting to have that meaning in the minds of the general public.

The word liberty has such an association with the history of America that it is shameful it should be seized as a catch term for such a purpose. It was inscribed on one of our earliest flags. It is one of the stirring words in the Declaration. And upon it and about it has been builded the eminence of American oratory. To fail to such a use is all except profanation. It is far worse, certainly, than inscribing advertisements upon the stars and stripes, a thing forbidden by law.

The sophistry might be forgiven if the brewers and distillers were really concerned about the "personal liberty" of their customers. They don't care a whoop about that, only insofar as it affects their trade. The "personal liberty" they are after is the right to manufacture what they please and where, to enter such places as they wish without restriction, and to increase their dividends through constantly broadening their territory and adding to the number of the customers of their products.

The hopeful sign for the phrase is that it is failing to do the business for which it was chosen. It will doubtless be abandoned for another in the faith that it may have the influence so desperately wanted.

THE FRUIT OF YOUTH.

The watermelon is one of the fine ornaments of American civilization. Its early appearance in the market, since it has come such a distance and with such celerity, is a testimonial to the transportation development of the last quarter century. Its continuance in our midst from the summer solstice to the frost line, is a compliment to our fortunate arrangement of climatic zones.

But to some of us compelled to confess the disadvantages of maturity, the watermelon is a pursuing rebuke. It is one of the sorrows attendant on spreading waistbands and whitening hair. For the watermelon is one of those prized things of juvenility, which if it has not actually ceased to be alluring, is desired temperately after thirty.

Time was—and your memory will support the statement—when the sight of the watermelon on the huckster's wagon caused the mouth to water with coveting, when the eye was dimmed if the suggestion to purchase found no support with the head of the household, when a slice of the cool red fruit was a rhapsody, a tuneful, poetic ecstasy, a sweetness beyond all but the angels to describe.

Time was—and your memory again excuses the assurance—when that patch which lay beside the road on the way to the swimming hole was a bit of grandeur from the gardens of heaven. And if temptation ever assailed a model youngster until his heart ached from the longing, it beckoned from the other side of that fence. The thought of the adventure and the knowledge of the possibilities of delight in a melon cooled in a spring you knew about sometimes smothered the conscience and the dread of that shotgun loaded with pepper and salt said to be placed within easy reach of a hand determined to protect vested rights. The watermelon then was a feast of nectared sweets, a lyric in ravishment, an hour of honeyed luxury.

The disappointment in burst illusions is no more saddening than the discovery that the edge is gone, the zest has passed, and the joy that once thrilled is stale. The watermelon is a fine, a noble product of our agriculture, but with a lot of us grown-ups its greater relish is a reminiscence.

A SHOCK TO BERLIN.

Whatever the position of the rest of the German empire on the question, it has been noticeable for many years that Berlin would welcome a war. It was in the nature of things. The center of things military is Berlin. Its streets are blaring with the color of many uniforms. The army is the meat of thousands of its residents, the universal topic, the pride and the hope.

The capital, however, has received a shock. It saw the increase in armament with enthusiasm. It looked upon the opposition of the yearly broadening appropriations, if not worthy of immediate punishment for lese majeste, at least as evidence of want of patriotism. But a week or so ago the general staff, at the direction of the chancellor, issued a bulletin on the probable cost to Germany of a conflict with another European power. It has decidedly dampened the ardor of bellicose Berlin.

The expenses of such a war, it was found, would amount to something more than $4,000,000 a day, or the tremendous sum of $1,500,000,000 if hostilities were maintained for a period of a year.

Where Berlin read its plight in the case was in the indirect disaster, for, of course, such a drain on the treasury would be wiped out as with a sponge, that industry would be paralyzed by the withdrawal of workable funds and the mobilization of the reserves, upon which the factories and all business, in fact, is dependent for labor and brains. If three or four powers became involved, a likelihood under the existing alliances, the effect upon Europe would be appalling.

Berlin, the headquarters of the Imperial Bank, the directing force of the iron and steel market, the hub of the wheel, in truth, of German commerce, would be utterly paralyzed after a few weeks of fighting. It is surmised now that even the fire-eaters Unter den Linden would be content that the pretty show of blue and scarlet and shining steel stay untarnished, that war remain a possibility remote, though not so much so as to suggest a serious consideration of disarmament.

MR. TAFT'S ADDRESS.

If you want to know the gist of the address made by W. H. Taft in accepting the Republican presidential nomination let him tell you. In concluding his speech he said:

I have pointed out that the attitude of the Republican party with reference to evils which have crept in, due to the enormous material expansion of this country, is to continue the Roosevelt policies of progress and regulation, while the attitude of the Democratic party under its present leadership is the change for the sake of change to the point of irresponsible destruction, and that there is no hope whatever of a restoration of prosperity in returning it to power.

That tells the story. The address was what might have been expected coming from Mr. Taft, safe and sane. It furnishes the keynote for the campaign and upon it and the platform adopted at Chicago the Republican party can make its appeal to the voters with the firm belief that the policies set forth in these two documents will be ratified at the polls by the wisdom of the electorate.

The strength of the Republican party is in maintaining the policies of President Roosevelt, declares Mr. Taft, and to this statement every Republican and thousands of Democrats will give a hearty assent. Mr. Taft points out that the reform of known abuses is a policy of the party and that these reforms must go on until all of them are crystallized into law.

At considerable length Mr. Taft discoursed on the achievements of the Roosevelt administration, pointing out the reform measures which have been enacted, and declaring the high standard of obedience to law and business morality must not only be maintained, but carried forward. In fact, he declares that "the chief function of the next administration is to complete and perfect the machinery by which these standards may be maintained, by which the law-breakers may be promptly restrained and punished, but which will operate with sufficient accuracy and dispatch to interfere with legitimate business as little as possible."

In other words, the party must go on in the way blazed by the present administration, clinching what has already been achieved and moving forward as developments and opportunities permit.

Mr. Taft discusses at length the important measures recently passed by the national congress, and points out such other legislation deemed necessary in the near future.

He reviews the action of the Republicans at the Chicago convention and argues against many of the features made prominent in the platform adopted at Denver. Commenting on the two platforms Mr. Taft aptly says:

The chief difference between the Republican and the Democratic platforms is the difference which has heretofore been seen between the policies of Mr. Roosevelt and those which have been advocated by the Democratic candidate, Mr. Bryan. Mr. Roosevelt's policies have been progressive and regulative; Mr. Bryan's destructive. Mr. Roosevelt has favored regulation of the business in which evils have grown up so as to stamp out the evils and permit the business to continue. The tendency of Mr. Bryan's proposals has generally been destructive of the business with respect to which he is demanding reform. Mr. Roosevelt would compel the trusts to conduct their business in a lawful manner and secure the benefits of their operation and the maintenance of the prosperity of the country of which they are an important part; while Mr. Bryan would extirpate and destroy the entire business in order to stamp out the evils which they have practiced.

The entire address, as published in this paper yesterday, is a public document worthy the study of every Republican and the careful consideratio of every voter. It is an elucidation of Republican policies which will appeal to the good sense of every American.

INDIANA HONEY TREE.

Indianapolis News.

The first "bee tree" found in this part of the state for many years was discovered yesterday near Merom by James Edmondson, a Terre Haute man, who, with a fishing outfit, is floating down the Wabash river. After cutting down the tree and smoking the bees out, Mr. Edmonson got thirty pounds of wild honey.

VARIETIES

The weight of the human heart ages from nine to eleven ounces.

At the present rate of excavation Pompeii will not be entirely uncovered before the year 1970.

Lungs of Chicago people are coated with smoke, according to Municipal Judge Bonvel, who fined one offender $500.

The annual output of beer in the United States is between 57,000,000 and 60,000,000 barrels.

Son of favorite contractor of Tweed dissipates a fortune and is sent to work in New York at his own request.

American-made automobiles are popular in Norway. The character of the roads there, however, make their use somewhat limited.

William J. Bryan, discussing the Independence platform, says votes for the ticket will simply help Republicans to defeat reforms.

Interstate commerce commission serves notice on railroads that it will investigate all increases in freight rates, even without complaint by shippers.

Kangaroos are still plentiful in some parts of Australia. One flock owner boasts of having killed several thousand in eighteen months.

John A. Van Rensselaer is discharged in New York, his mother refusing to prosecute her charge that he had written her a threatening letter.

Proclamations announcing general amnesty to political fugitives from Turkey are posted in New York and hailed with joy. Many thousands of exiles are expected to return to their native land.

British India has 86,912 miles of telegraph and cable wires in operation. In the 1902-'03 the annual earnings of the cables between India and Europe show profits from $1,000,000 to $1,200,000.

Five is the sacred number of the Chinese, who have five planets, five cardinal points, five virtues, five tastes, five musical tones, five ranks of nobility and five colors.

Brig.-Gen. D. K. Wardwell, hero of many wars, kidnaps his wife, a leper, from a county hospital at Los Angeles and escapes with her to Mexico, where, he says, they will die together.

Liberia now has, for the first time, an ice-making plant. It turns out 500 pounds of ice and ten gallons of ice cream daily. The ice sells at 4 cents a pound and the ice cream at $2.40 a gallon.

The prejudice against hospitals is disappearing among the Parisians. At present about one-half of the cases of illness are treated in them, whereas ten years ago the proportion was only one-quarter.

A woman of Wahring, Bohemia, after her two daughters attempted to commit suicide because the local newspaper published not only that they were extravagant in dress, but that they dressed in bad taste.

Liverpool has a library of 280,000 volumes. The number of books taken out during the last year was 1,362,000, while 1,410,444 were used for reference in the library. In other words, each book was used on the average used ten times.

The British consul at Tamsui reports that the total exports of camphor from Formosa, in 1907, amounted to 4,717,147 pounds, of which 2,452,933 pounds was sent to Havre, London and Hamburg; 1,837,410 pounds to America, and 33,333 pounds to Madras.

Electrical mining is now considered the most improved method of mining in America, as well as in Europe, and up-to-date mining engineers are adopting electrical power wherever possible for driving hoists, mine pumps, chain haulers, under-cutting machines, mining locomotives and other appliances.

Last year Colorado produced gold to the value of $27,000,000 worth of gold and a little more than $8,000,000 in silver, while the value of her agricultural output was estimated at over $107,000,000. In addition, the value of the beet sugar, made from Colorado-grown beets, was estimated at $25,000,000 and the value of the fruit crop at $7,000,000.

Before Dr. Nansen departed for his famous polar expedition in 1893 he entered into a legal arrangement by means of which if he failed to return in a few years his wife could remarry. When he came back again he was remarried to the wife he had so unselfishly released. She thus had the unusual experience of being married twice to one husband.

The new Rotherhithe tunnel under the Thames to Stepney has cost something like $10,000,000 to construct and is the largest tube boring of its kind in the world. Its total length, including the two sloping approaches, is roughly one and one-third miles. The length of the tunnel actually under the river is about one-third of a mile.

The rubber industry in Hawaii is still in the experimental stage, but experts believe the opportunities for profit are going to be large. Preliminary experiments by the government indicate that high yield from even young trees. Over 400,000 rubber trees have been planted in the islands, and still other plantations are being established.

The Protestant Episcopal church has eighty-five bishops, including the presiding bishop, in the United States; two in China, two in Japan and one each in West Africa, Cuba, Haiti, Brazil and Mexico. The Methodist Episcopal church has nineteen bishops and seven missionary bishops. The Methodist Episcopal church South has eleven bishops.

In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1907, the production of cotton seed in the United States was 5,912,646 tons, of which 3,843,981 tons were converted into manufactured products; 175,724,840 gallons of oil, and 1,785,804 tons of cake and meal, as well as vast quantities of linters and hulls, were secured. The exports were 8,814 tons of cotton seed, valued at $328,493; 41,886,204 gallons of oil, valued at $1,674,463, and 670,484 tons of cake and meal, valued at $17,062,594.

Government analyses of so-called temperance drinks sold in England prove that they contain from 2 to 4 per cent of alcohol. The liquor laws of England take no account, for purposes of taxation, of beverages containing less than 2 per cent., but of 4,147 samples supposedly innocent drinks examined in the last four years, 1,785 exceeded that proportion. Ginger beer and herb beers were found to have the highest percentage of alcohol, some of them containing as much as claret or Rhine wine.

In a recent address before the United States Chamber of Commerce Secretary Cortelyou told the story of a manufacturer of hammers in central New York who, having been asked how long he guaranteed the hammers made, replied: "I have made them for twenty-eight years." "Well," said his questioner, "you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time." "No, sir," was the old manufacturer's reply, "I have made a pretty good hammer, I think the best hammers in the United States."

More money is invested in cane sugar than in any other industry except mining in Natal Colony, British South Africa, and it is only $500,000 short of the coal mining investment. The total investment is $7,300,000. The 1906 production was 23,497 short tons, valued at $2,123,000, and the 1907 product is estimated at 40,000 tons, worth $80 a ton, or about 10 per cent of Louisiana's output. American sugar mills improved are more expensive than those in use in England says Consul Edwin S. Cunningham, of Durban, Natal.

Only ten miles from Port Moresby, Papua, or New Guinea, the headquarters of British administration, a white planter was murdered. The crime was traced to a Papuan, who had built a new house and wanted to paint it with a mixture of red clay and cocoanut oil. According to tribal custom he was not entitled to paint his house in that style until he had killed at least one man. So he killed the first Papuan living near one of the stations of the London Missionary society. He was brought before the local magistrate charged with having kicked his wife in the face. His defense was that he was in a hurry to go to school, and his wife was slow in bringing his reading book.

The largest watermelon on record—103 pounds—grown in the largest state of the Union, is being preserved for the national biggest presidential candidate, Mr. Taft, who is expected soon to pay a short visit to the Lone Star state. Dispatches from Galveston say that Mr. Taft has promised to run down to Port Arthur to spend a few days at the home of John W. Gates. Elaborate plans are being made for his reception, and the state is being searched for the choicest products to set before the Republican standard bearer. So far, acording to reports, the giant watermelon is the only thing found that comes up to the Texans' idea of what a real dessert ought to be in size.

Alfred Soderholm, foreman at the greenhou

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2487—Ladies' Shirtwaist, in Gibson style and with Long or Three-Quarter length Sleeves. A favorite model, much used for the shirtwaists of linen, duck, Madras or Victoria lawn. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2078—Misses' Jumper Waist, with a Separate Yoke Guimpe Having Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. A good style for linen, Indian-head cotton, foulard or taffeta silk, worn over a guimpe of lawn or batiste. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2066—Child's One-Piece Yoke Dress, with High or Dutch Neck and Long or Short Sleeves. An excellent model for any of the washable or light weight woolen materials, trimmed with embroidery. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

1741—Girl's Jumper Dress, with Guimpe and Plaited Skirt. An attractive little frock, becoming to the growing girl, adaptable to any material. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1861—Ladies' Thirteen Gored Skirt, with an under-box plait at center back seam and side plaits below hip at the other seams. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2055—Ladies' Nine-Gored Plaited Skirt. A splendid model for the general knockabout skirt, and adaptable to any material. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2105—Ladies' Guimpe with Ruffled Sleeves. Suitably developed in any material. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2307—Ladies' Shirt-Waist, with Kimono Sleeves. A good style for any material. 6 sizes—32 to 40.

2025—Child's French Dress, with Square Yoke, Long or Short Sleeves and with or without the Bertha. A suitable pattern for batiste or lawn for best wear, or for chambray or ginghams for everyday wear. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

2056—Child's One-Piece Dress, with Round Yoke. A pretty little frock simple in construction and becoming when worn. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2043—Ladies' Surplice Jumper, Closed at Back. This is a dainty little garment, and suitable for development in lawn, chambray, gingham, silk, Indian-head cotton or cotton voile. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2483—Ladies' Sailor Shirt-Waist, with Three-Quarter Sleeves and a Removable Chemisette. A good model for one or more materials, or for one material, with a contrasting material for the chemisette. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2470—Girls' and Child's Apron. This model may be developed in gingham, chambray, linen or duck, and is also suitably developed in Persian lawn or batiste. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2476—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with yoke, Bertha, high or low neck and long or cap sleeves. Suitable for any material, this little frock is both attractive in appearance and easy to make. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2058—Misses' Nine-Gored Double Box-Plaited Skirt. A simple model, suitable made up in dark blue serge to wear with separate shirt-waists. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1555—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, with plaited sections forming lower part of side front and side-back gores. An excellent model for linen, thin serge or flannel. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2208—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. This, like the majority of shirt waists, adapts itself to almost any material. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2193—Ladies' Shirred Shirt Waist, with yoke and three-quarter length sleeves. This is a pretty pattern for the dressy waist of silk, or messaline. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2276—Infants' Kimono Wrapper and Sack, with bell or bishop sleeves. Outing flannel, cotton crepe, flowered or plain challis, or flannelette are all suitable materials for this pattern. One size.

2128—Child's Box-Plaited Dress, closed at left side of front. Heavy linen, madras or thin serge or flannel are all desirable for this stylish model. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2008—Ladies' Princess Jumper Dress, forming box plaits below hip. Develops well in chambray linen or taffetas. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2493—Ladies' Princess Combination Corset Cover and Short Petticoat with square or round neck. Nainsook, Persian lawn, jaconet or thin cambric are the best materials for the development of this pattern. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2474—Misses' Bathing Suit, with Bloomers Joined to Waist and a Separate Three-Piece Skirt. Mohair, pongee or flannel or thin serge are used for this pattern. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2269—Ladies' Work Apron. Checked plaid, or figured or plain gingham, chambray, lawn or Indian-head cotton are the best materials for these aprons. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

TO RETRY STANDARD

Government Decides to Continue Prosecution of Oil Trust—Conference Held.

Lenox, Mass., July 29.—It was learned through a source which cannot be discredited that the government has decided to take steps immediately for the retrial of the criminal suits against the Standard Oil company.

This decision was reached at a conference of prominent prosecuting officials of the government and several leaders in the practice of law, including Frank B. Kellogg, of Minnesota, which was held here today. The meeting was called by Attorney General Bonaparte.

The assembly embraces besides Attorney General Bonaparte, Solicitor General Henry M. Hoyt, of Washington; Edwin W. Sims, of Chicago, United States district attorney for the north district of Illinois; his first assistant, James H. Wilkerson, of Chicago; F. B. Kellogg and several clerks from the department of justice at Washington. One of the parlors of the Hotel Aspinwall was set apart as a meeting place.

A great mass of literature in connection with the trial of the suit against the Standard Oil company at Chicago, some fifteen months ago, was brought on from Washington and Chicago, together with the text of the decision of Judge Landis in imposing the $29,400,000 fine upon the company, as well as the latest document in the case, the decision of the United States court of appeals, setting aside Judge Landis' decision.

The government's position at the present time, according to its legal representatives, is one of confidence that another campaign, carefully planned and well executed, would secure a victory which would be beyond reversal by the higher courts.

CAMPAIGN TO START EARLY

Begins in New York Earlier Than in 1904.

Washington, July 29.—Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican national committee, and James T. Williams, his secretary, arrived here this afternoon from Cincinnati. Mr. Hitchcock stated that he would not be ready to announce the appointment of a vice chairman or the advisory committee of the national committee for a week. He will leave Thursday for New York, where he will take up the work of preparing the headquarters of the national committee in that city for active business. Mr. Hitchcock expects to have the work in New York in full progress within a few days. Four years ago the active work of the committee in New York was not begun until between August 15th and 20th, so that the campaign this year will be advanced at least two weeks over that of the preceding national campaign.

SAYS TAFT NOT SATISFIED.

Nebraskan Declares Ohioan Is Impressed With Democracy.

"Fairview," Lincoln, Neb., July 30.—Charging that William H. Taft "is not satisfied with the work of the Chicago convention," which nominated him as the Republican candidate for the presidency, and that "he is deeply impressed with the work of the Democratic convention," William J. Bryan yesterday issued a statement in which he expresses the opinion that "Mr. Taft fears the uprising which Republican abuses have caused and yet hesitates to adopt his real and substantial reforms."

The statement was called forth because of the allegation made by Mr. Taft in his speech of acceptance at Cincinnati that Mr. Bryan was a destroyer of business.

ON DECENCY IN POLITICS

Fairbanks Writes a Letter to Boys in Camp at Winona.

Warsaw, Ind., July 29.—"We have never seen more need of an awakening among the people to the necessity of clean politics, both in theory and practice," is an extract from a letter received today by a thousand boy residents of the Winona Boy City, from Vice President Fairbanks. His letter continues: "There are too many who profess decency in politics, but who do not carry their propositions into effect."

TO TELL SHERMAN AUG. 18.

Notification Committee Will Do Utica Duty Then.

Utica, N. Y., July 31.—Representative James S. Sherman received word today from Senator J. C. Burrows, chairman of the committee to notify him of his nomination by the Republican party for vice president, that it will be agreeable to the committee to come to Utica August 18, the date suggested by Mr. Sherman.

UNCLE SAM IS OFFENDED

End of War in Honduras Leaves a Sore Spot.

Action of President Davilla in Cancelling Consuls' Exequaturs Is Resented.

San Salvador, Republic of Salvador, Aug. 1.—It was officially stated yesterday that the revolution in Honduras had been suppressed.

The government has commenced paying the internal floating debt of the republic with the first installment of silver received against the foreign loan raised recently in London.

The annual fair has begun and will continue until August 5.

Unpleasant Situation.

Washington, Aug. 1.—An unpleasant situation has developed between the United States and Honduras growing out of the action of President Davila, in cancelling the exequaturs of the foreign consuls at Ceiba, Honduras, because of their alleged friendliness to the revolutionistse' cause. These officers include American Consul Drew Lluard and Vice Consul Reynolds, and the vice consuls of France and Norway. Reports which have reached the state department uphold the contention of the consuls that they have not been guilty of any breach of propriety, that they did not advise the surrender of the town when demanded by the revolutionists as charged by Honduras, but simply communicated the demand to the commandant. The incident has caused considerable annoyance to this government which, ever since the revolution in Honduras commenced, has exerted its best efforts to prevent any breach of neutrality in Central America which might prove adverse to the interests of President Davila's government.

START STRENUOUS "HIKE."

Chicago, Aug. 3.—Officers of Fort Sheridan above the rank of captain left the army post this morning for one of the strenuous tests ordered by President Roosevelt. The program calls for a ninety-mile ride, which, it is expected, will be completed by Wednesday afternoon.

Guarantee of Bank Deposits Held Illegal by Bonaparte

Washington, D. C., Aug. 3.—Guaranteee of deposits of national banks under the state law of Oklahoma, which has been frequently cited as an example of what the several states should do in this regard, is held by the attorney general to be just cause for the forfeiture of their charters. The decision is based upon the precept that national banks are instruments of the government of the United States; that congress creates them by virtue of its general powers to provide for such instruments, and that no state can, by any law, interfere with their management or operation in so far as these are determined expressly or by reason of implication in the laws of the United States.

The decision is of great importance to national banks in Oklahoma, because it places them upon a different footing from state banks and to the United States in that it holds that insurance of deposits or guaranteeing of deposits in national banks is entirely a national function. The question of guaranteeing deposits was debated at length during the last session of congress, and some influential senators favored a provision of the emergency currency act, which would provide for this guarantee. The amendment was voted down. It is also a campaign slogan, in which the people of the west are particularly interested.

It appears from the opinion that the department of justice at first declined to rule on the question raised on the ground that it was not one requiring action on the part of the treasury department. Still entertaining some doubt as to whether the case justifies and requires an opinion, but in response to a second application the opinion is given.

"CALL ME BILL," SAYS TAFT

Hot Spring, Va., Aug. 3.—"Just call me Mr. Taft, and if you drop into colloquialism call me Bill." This was Judge Taft's laughing reply yesterday when granting audience to a number of newspaper men, who had severally addressed him as "Mr. Secretary," "Governor," "Judge" and "Mr. Taft."

"I first got the name Bill at Yale," continued Mr. Taft, replying to a question. "Before I went there I had been 'Willie' in my home and among my Cincinnati boyhood friends. But when I got through school was called Will at home. My younger brother Harry, however, never called me Willie after a happening one day at college. We roomed together on the top floor of Farnam Hall, our room was just over the middle entrance. Harry was a freshman, I a junior. He had gone out and forgotten to take with him a book he wanted. He came back to the entrance and looking up on the outside yelled, 'Oh, Willie.' Well, in a second there was a head out of every one of the four hundred windows, and it seemed as though everyone yelled at once. At any rate, there was one long chorus of 'Oh, Willie.' That cured Harry. He has called me 'Bill' ever since."

"How about the four hundred students? Oh, they called me Bill just the same. You see I weighed two hundred then."

Mr. and Mrs. Taft attended services at St. Luke's church yesterday and listened to a sermon by Rev. Dr. John G. Scott.

Members of the Virginia Bar association, to the number of about 30 called on candidate Taft in his offices at the Homestead hotel this morning, and introductions, handshaking and a general exchange of felicitations were indulged in for some time.

No conferences were on the list today. The early hours were as usual devoted by Mr. Taft to the handling of his correspondence, and then followed the trip over the four-mile golf course.

SUE TO BREAK COMBINE

Proceedings Started in Kansas, Missouri, Texas and Oklahoma.

Emporia, Kan., July 30.—In the district court of Lyon county here today, Attorney General Jackson, of the state of Kansas, filed ouster and injunction suits against the Yellow Pine association of St. Louis.

At the same hour the attorney generals of Missouri, Texas and Oklahoma filed similar suits in their respective states, in a concerted effort to break up what is alleged to be an illegal combination to raise the price of lumber to a figure said to be unreasonable and fictitious.

The proceedings seek to drive the organization from Kansas, and to prevent the formation of a holding company to take over the property of the alleged combine, which latter movement, it was reported, was being formulated in St. Louis.

REPORT BIG POLICY ON LIFE OF TAFT.

New York, July 31.—It is reported that a Wall street firm has taken out a policy for $100,000 with Lloyds of London on the life of William H. Taft for one year at the rate of 5 per cent. It is impossible to verify this report among the insurance men who represent Lloyds.

Bartschmann & Maloy, of 16 Exchange place, who have placed several million dollars of anti-Bryan insurance, said they had heard the report, but could not verify it.

BISHOP IS UNDER KNIFE

Rev. Charles Brent Makes a Hurry Trip to Boston.

Boston, Aug. 3.—It became known yesterday that Bishop Charles H. Brent, of the Philippine islands, bishop-elect of the Washington diocese arrived in Boston Thursday, after a hurried trip across the continent from Vancouver, B. C., to undergo an operation here for nasal trouble.

The operation was performed on Friday. Specialists are said to have been in attendance, but the utmost secrecy has been preserved as to who performed the operation and regarding its exact nature.

R. R. TELEGRAPHER

Increases Ability on Right Food.

Anything that will help the R. R. Telegraph operator to keep a clear head and steady nerves is of interest to operators particularly and to the public generally.

As the waste of brain and nerve cells in active work of this kind is great, it is important that the right kind of food be regularly used to repair the waste.

"I have used Grape-Nuts," writes a R. R. & P., operator, "for the past six or eight years, daily, buying it by the dozen pkgs.

"A friend of mine, a doctor, who had been treating me for stomach trouble and nervous exhaustion, recommended me to leave off so much meat and use fruit and vegetables, with Grape-Nuts as the cereal part of each meal.

"I did so with fine results and have continued Grape-Nuts from that time to the present. I find in my work as R. R. telegrapher that I can do more work and far easier than I ever could on the old diet.

"To any man who is working his brain and who needs a cool, level head and quick action, I recommend Grape-Nuts, from long experience." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever Read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ASSEMBLE 200 WARSHIPS

Will Be Ready for Maneuvers When American Fleet Arrives in Fall.

Tokyo, July 31.—When the American battleship fleet reaches Asatic waters this autumn it will find the entire Japanese navy, nearly 200 warships in all, mobilized and ready for maneuvers.

While the government announces this as a routine proceeding, it is undoubtedly the result of the great naval mobilization the United States is carrying out in the Pacific.

It has just been learned that all work on the new battleships and cruisers in process of construction has been suspended. This is to enable all the navy yards to concentrate their entire force upon preparation for sea of the vessels completely finished.

Never Before Attempted.

No mobilization of such magnitude has ever before been attempted by the government Taken in conjunction with the marked naval and military activity of the past few months the proceeding is striking and significant.

This is the fleet Japan will have mobilized when the American fleet arrives:

Battleships	10
Armored cruisers	12
Second class cruisers	9
Third class cruisers	8
Coast defense ships	5
Gunboats	4
Dispatch boats	8
Depot ships	2
Submarines	7
Torpedo boat destroyers	54
First class torpedo boats	16
Second class torpedo boats	55
	190

Only a small part of this great fleet will welcome the American fleet. It has been announced that the second squadron will do the honors. This is much smaller than the American battleship fleet. But cruising off the coast, out of sight but ready for business will be nearly 200 warships of all classes.

There is little doubt this spectacular display was decided upon when it was learned that a second great American fleet was to follow the battleship fleet across the Pacific.

Perhaps few Americans yet realize that a second fleet of sixteen ships is to sail from San Francisco soon. Before the sixteen battleships have reached Australia eight armored cruisers and eight torpedo boat destroyers will have started for mid-Pacific. When this battleship fleet is on this side of the Pacific the "second sixteen" will be halfway across.

Deep Significance.

Naval officers here fully believe the sailing of the second fleet is part of the American "game of bluff" and that the sailing of the Pacific fleet at the heels of the Atlantic fleet has a deep diplomatic significance.

While all war talk is deprecated, it is admitted that Japan intends to show she is just as much of a naval power as the United States. She will stretch forth the kindly hand of a host, but the other hand behind her back will be clenched and steel-clad.

HEED STANDARD'S REQUEST

Illinois Oil Operators Make Big Cut in Production.

Findlay, O., Aug. 1.—According to the announcements made from the Ohio Oil company offices here the oil production in the Illinois field has fallen off 20,000 barrels daily since the announcement of Vice President Donnell asking producers to curtail their drilling until such time as a better demand comes. The same authority says there are few signs of the consumption end of the business picking up.

J. E. Bicknell, of Findlay, has disposed of, to the Ohio Oil company, a 330-acre lease in the Illinois oil field near Oblong.

NEWFOUNDLAND RULER

Safe — Sir Wm. MacGregor Survives Northeast Storm

St. Johns, N. F., Aug. 1.—Reports from Labrador indicate at least forty fishing vessels were wrecked in the northeaster which swept that coast early this week. All but three men of the crews reached shore, but fully 400 were without food or shelter for several days and their sufferings were severe. The cruiser Fiona, with Sir William MacGregor, governor of Newfoundland on board, and the steamers Louise and Virginia Lake, carrying tourists parties, weathered the northeaster safely.

BLUE ENVELOPE MAN DEAD

Dr. Von Lucanus Was Personal Adviser of Kaiser.

Berlin, Aug. 3.—Dr. Frederick K. H. Von Lucanus, aged 77, chief of Emperor William's so-called civil cabinet, died here today.

The death of Dr. Von Lucanus removes from the imperial court a quiet figure of large influence in advising his majesty concerning the character and abilities of officials in the civil administration, and as to whether they were suitable for promotion or retirement, etc.

It was the office of Dr. Von Lucanus to inform ministers and other high personages when the emperor decided to eliminate them from office, which he usually did by handing over a note inclosed in a blue envelope, so that the doctor and his blue envelope were **the subject for many a grim witticism.**

HISGEN HEADS PARTY

Is Named for President at First National Convention of Independence League.

Chicago, July 29.—The first national convention of the Independence party finished its labors early today after nominating Thomas L. Hisgen, of Massachusetts, for president of the United States, and John Temple Graves, of Georgia, for vice president, and adopting a platform of principles.

The nomination of Hisgen was reached on the third ballot, with a vote of 831 out of 948 ballots cast.

For second place on the ticket, Graves was chosen by acclamation.

Nearly Caused Riot.

The friends of Mr. Bryan made an effort during the night session to bring his name before the convention, and the man who attempted it nearly produced a riot and narrowly escaped physical violence at the hands of the indignant delegates.

The man who sought to place Mr. Bryan in nomination was J. I. Shepart, of Fort Scott, Kan. He did not succeed in his mission, for, being called to order by the convention and questioned by Chariman Charles A. Walsh, he admitted that it was his intention to name Mr. Bryan.

That was the first and last time he mentioned the name of the Democratic leader. He was promptly ruled out of order by the chairman and under the guard of several sergeants-at-arms he was hustled out of the hall, while some of the incensed delegates vainly attempted to strike him with their fists, and one of them swung at him savagely with a cane.

The nomination of Mr. Hisgen was made on the third ballot, his chief competitors being Milford W. Howard, of Alabama, and John Temple Graves, of Georgia. Reuben R. Lyon, of New York, received a complimentary vote on the first ballot, and William Randolph Hearst had 49 friends who voted for him on the first two ballots.

The nomination of Mr. Graves was made unanimous, all the other candidates having been withdrawn.

Platform Adopted.

Chairman Shearn, of the resolutions committee, read the platform forcefully and with dramatic emphasis. The declarations on the labor question, on the currency, for the creation of an interstate commerce commission, for a greater navy, and for the popular election of both state and federal judges were heartily applauded.

At the conclusion of the reading Mr. Shearn moved the adoption of the platform, which he declared was the unanimous work of the committee, and it was adopted unanimously.

YANKEE PROTEST HEEDED

Chinese Editor Loses His Job When Breckons Complains.

Honolulu, July 29.—The Chinese consul has made a complaint to United States Attorney Breckens of the utterances of a local Chinese newspaper, The Sang Yatpo, which, he claims, are disrespectful to and calumniate the Chinese emperor.

The consul asked for the suppression of the paper. As a result of these protests, Lo Sun, the editor of the paper, has been removed by the owners. He will leave for Japan soon.

KERN TALKS TO EDITORS

Candidate Praises Independent Press of the Country.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 1.—John W. Kern, Democratic candidate for vice president, and Thomas R. Marshall, candidate for governor of Indiana on the Democratic ticket, today addressed the members of the Indiana Editorial association at Fairview park.

Mr. Kern's remarks were brief. "The work of the editor is highly important," he said, "and I wish to emphasize that the confidence of the people in the press of this country ought to be restored, and if it is restored it will have to be done by the course of the Democratic editors of this country and by the independent editors who stand on the watch towers and are striking for what they believe to be right."

Mr. Kern today received a letter from Theodore A. Bell, of California, who is chairman of the committee to inform Mr. Kern of his nomination, asking that a date be set for the affair. Mr. Kern will make a decision shortly.

PROBING BANK CHARGES

Attorney General Acts on the Charges Made by Hill.

Lansing, Mich., Aug. 1.—Proceeding upon the assumption that no matter who might be concerned, it is his duty to report violations of the law which come officially to his attention to the proper officers for investigation, Attorney General Bird has directed Prosecuting Attorney Frank Covert, of Oakland county, to look into the charges of Arthur Hill regarding the alleged violation of the laws of Michigan by the Farmington Exchange bank, and if the facts warrant it to start proceedings.

Mr. Hill charged that the officers of the Farmington Exchange bank have violated the law by failing to make public on the sign and stationery of the bank the names of the persons interested therein, and also in failing to file a statement showing the names of all persons interested in the corporation.

It will be recalled that Mr. Hill about two weeks ago transmitted his complaint to State Treasurer Rich with the statement that it is his duty under the law to bring the matter to the attention of the attorney general. Treasurer Rich did so and the matter was taken up by Mr. Bird when he was here yesterday.

In his complaint Arthur Hill intimates that Governor Warner is a stockholder in the Farmington Exchange bank and that the bank officers have violated at least two statutes of the state.

GRAVES REBUKES WATSON

Denies Independence Party Is One-Man Affair.

New York, Aug. 1.—Reminding the country that the Independence party polled twice as many votes in New York city alone as the Populists did in the whole country at the last election, John Temple Graves, vice presidential nominee of the Independence party, is out with a letter rebuking Thomas E. Watson, presidential nominee of the Populists, for attacking Mr. Graves' party.

Watson has referred to the Independence organization as a one-man affair, copyrighted, financed and steered by William Randolph Hearst. Replying, Mr. Graves says in part:

"There has not been in fifty years a convention freer from the boss and the steam roller than the one just adjourned. Mr. Hearst was 3,000 miles across the sea during all the preliminaries that led up to it. He reached the convention twenty-four hours before its opening. He did not lift his hand to dictate a plank in its platform or to name the least of its candidates."

MARRY Wealth and Beauty. Hartford Mutual, Free. Pa. when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44 Tekonsha, Mich.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free Sealed. Standard Cor. Club, 138 Avers av. Chicago

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 35c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 200—21 W. Adams St., Chicago

BED WETTING Cured. No Pay. FREE C. H. ROWAN, Dept. 46, London, Can.

25c For 4 Big Samples.

No. 1 cleans hair, cures dandruff, restores color by combing. No. 2 best cathartic ever used. No. 3 cures skin diseases. No. 4 best pocket shears ever invented, worth 25c. All the above for 25c. DR. SICKLES, 214 Spitzer, Toledo, O.

AGENTS: $75 Monthly. Combination Rolling Pin. Nine Articles Combined. Lightning seller. Sample Free. Forshee Mfg. Co., C 30, Dayton O.

AGENTS WANTED—Agents to sell Willard Steel Ranges. W. G. Willard, 324 Chestnut, St. Louis, Mo.

For 50 cts. I will send self cures for the relief and cure of any one of the following painful ailments that can be cured for 25 cts. more than you send me. Ingrowing Nails, Rheumatism, Piles, Corns, Warts, Bunions, Calluses, Whooping Cough, Children Teething. B. W. Leanders, Box 33, R. F. D. No. 2, Newport, Vermont.

A FORTUNE FOR SOMEONE With small capital or large. A rich gold mine just opened up. Come at once and see for yourself, or write to F. D. CROTTS, . . R. F. D. 1, CARAWAY, N. C.

$4 TO $10 A DAY EITHER SEX—selling our patented rapid selling article. No scheme. Samples Free. A. M. Young & Co., 121 Howland Bldg., Chicago

OIL CASE MONTHS AHEAD

Final Action Will Not Be Reached Until Next Year.

Lenox, Mass., July 30.—The conference of government lawyers who have been prominent in the trial of corporation suits, especially that against the Stnadard Oil, broke up today with the departure of Frank B. Kellogg for New York and the return of Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte to his cottage among the hills here.

The work of again setting in motion the legal machinery of the government in its criminal case against the Standard Oil company will be taken up at once. District Attorney Simms, of Chicago, with his assistants and all five of the lawyers who participated in the conference here for the past three days, expressed the utmost confidence of ultimate success.

Motion for Rehearing.

It is expected that a motion for a rehearing will be filed with the circuit court of appeals in Chicago within the next few days and that arguments will be made some time in August. At that time an effort will be made to persuade the court of appeals to adjudicate and correct what the government lawyers claim are grave errors of jurisprudence. Should the court of appeals deny the motion the assistance of the United States supreme court will then be sought through a writ of certiorari, in the hope that that court will order a change in the records and an ultimate retrial of the case against the Standard Oil company in the United States circuit court for the Seventh district.

Will Drag the Case.

This is the government line of campaign, but the law's necessary delays are expected to drag the case out for six or eight months and that it will be well into next year before final action is reached. Mr. Kellogg said before leaving for New York this morning that he expected to be engaged with his own particular case in behalf of the government in its civil suit against the Standard Oil company for the greater part of the month of August. He hopes that briefs may be ready for the resumption of the trial in September. He thinks that arguments in this suit, which is a bill in equity to dissolve the Standard Oil trust will not be made before late in the fall.

If this work will permit it, Mr. Kellogg will make several campaign speeches in support of Taft.

PROHIBITIONISTS ORGANIZE

To Enter Primary Contests in Illinois August 12.

Chicago, Aug. 1.—For the purpose of securing a comparative record of strength, the Prohibition party, for the first time in its history, will enter the primary contest in Illinois, August 12, with a complete organization in every precinct.

Leaders of the party predict a marked gain in the Prohibition vote in Illinois owing to a more thorough organization than ever before, and to the fact that the presidential nominee is a citizen of the state.

HALF OF U. S. "DRY"

40,000,000 People Live Where Saloons Are Forbidden, Says Rev. Baker.

Denver, Col., Aug. 3.—"Nearly forty million people in the United States now live in prohibition territory." At first glance the above statement, made by Dr. P. A. Baker, of Columbus, O., general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, to a New York Herald correspondent, may seem extravagant, but Dr. Baker says it is based upon accurate figures compiled in the league departments, and that the number is swelling daily. Few people realize that the temperance wave has swept over the country in the last few years with such persistent vigor that now nearly one-half the population of the United States is situated in territory where the saloon is forbidden.

Close 30 a Day.

"The temperance people of this country have been closing saloons in the United States at the rate of thirty a day during the year 1908," said Dr. Baker "and I believe that it will continue at that rate during the rest of the year. About eight million people abolished saloons last year and I am confident that this year those figures will be duplicated. It is not fully realized by the general public that the temperance movement has been so universally successful as it has.

"Partly by state abolition of saloons and to a greater degree by local option the prohibition territory of the United States has been increased until there are now 40,000,000 people living in places where the saloon is forbidden. Eight states are in the prohibition list and we hope to put more there. Last spring people living in the state of Illinois abolished fifteen hundred saloons in one day.

"The Anti-Saloon League is not interested in partisan politics. We have nothing directly to do with the Prohibition party. Our work is carried on by the members of all parties. We have a political department, but it is not concerned with the partisan side of politics.

Mormons Aid Cause.

"I have just reached here after a trip to Salt Lake City and other places in the west. I find conditions there excellent for our cause. In Wyoming, Idaho and Utah they are working for a law that will provide for county local option and are seeking to elect men to the legislatures who will pledge themselves to the passage of such a measure. The Mormons are in favor of the county local option movement and are working for it diligently. The authorities of the Mormon church are co-operating splendidly in this work and we are securing good organization all through the country."

FEUDIST CAPTURED.

Lexington, Ky., July 31.—Henry Thrap, the Breathitt county feudist who created a reign of terror there on Wednesday by arming himself and defying arrest when declared insane, was captured and placed in an asylum here today.

TO-NIGHT Cascarets BEST FOR THE BOWELS AND LIVER 10c. 25c. 50c. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP All Druggists

HOLLAND AND VENEZUELA COMPARED.

Fighting Strength on Land.

	In active service.	Reserves.	Total war strength.	Unganized.
Holland	34,504	6,500	126,055	500,000
Venezuela	9,600	20,000	29,600	.....

Fighting Strength on Sea.

Holland: Eight battleships, 31 other war vessels, 510 officers and eight thousand men.

Venezuela: No organized navy.

Area, Population and Rulers.

Holland: Area 12,648 square miles, population 5,591,701; including the colonies, area 795,648 square miles, population 41,347,182; ruler Queen Wilhelmina, capital Amsterdam.

Venezuela: Area 593,943 square miles, population 2,323,527, ruler President Cipriano Castro, capital Caracas.

HEMPHILL TO QUIT NAVY

Succeeded in Command of Asiatic Squadron by Harber.

Washington, July 30.—Orders have been issued by the navy department making a change in the command of the Asiatic squadron of the Pacific fleet. Rear Admiral Hemphill is relieved of the command and is succeeded by Captain Charles B. Harber, commander of the battleship Maine, of the special service squadron. In turn, Captain Harber will be succeeded as commander of the Maine by Captain William B. Caperton, now in command of the cruiser Denver.

Changes in the personnel of some of the junior officers on the special service squadron already have been made.

It is expected that the special service squadron, which constitutes the vanguard of the Atlantic fleet in its trip around the world, will leave Manila next Saturday, August 1.

Admiral Hemphill will return immediately to the United States. He will not retire from active service, however, until next June.

TEXAS EX-GOVERNOR DEAD

Lanham Was Also Member of Congress Several Terms.

Weatherford, Texas, July 30.—Former Governor S. W. T. Lanham, of this state, died at his home here last night after an illness of several weeks, aged 62 years.

Governor Lanham was a native of Spartanburg, S. C., and served during the civil war as a member of the Third South Carolina regiment. He removed to Texas in 1866, and was elected a member of congress in 1883, serving until 1893. Two years later he was re-elected and served again for eight years. As governor he served two terms, his first term beginning in 1903. Funeral services will be held here on Friday.

DISTILLERS RESIST LAW

Six File Suits in Indiana Against Alcohol Ruling.

Indianapolis, Aug. 1.—Six Indiana distillers today filed suits in federal court asking injunctions against Internal Revenue Collectors Bonnell, of the Seventh district, and Neal, of the Sixth, to prevent their enforcing the order to have barrels and casks marked "alcohol" which contain spirits and to prevent their refusing to mark such packages "spirits." The petition for a temporary restraining order will be argued Aug. 4 in Goshen before Judge Francis E. Baker.

FIFTY THOUSAND STRIKE

French Workmen Quit Work as a Protest.

Paris, July 30.—The general strike of 24 hours declared by the general federation of labor as a demonstration and protest against the killing of workmen by troops at Vigneux went into operation this morning. The reports indicate that 50,000 men of the building and allied trades, including electricians, stopped work. No trouble is feared.

"Good Legislation, Not Subsidies, Is Needed for Ocean Trade"--Hill

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 1.—The announcement that the Hill lines had abandoned the marine portion of their share in the trade with Japan and China, while retaining affiliation with Japanese steamship lines, came as a surprise to many people of the northwest. According to chairman of the board, James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, it was to be expected.

"Why," said Mr. Hill, "our Pacific trade has been gone for a year. As long as fifteen months ago I told them what was coming."

Asked if the action of the American transcontinental roads in withdrawing from the Pacific carrying trade was due to resentment at the action of the interstate commerce commission, Mr. Hill replied:

"Resentment? No. The commission cannot be blamed for enforcing the law. The Pacific trade was given up because it did not pay. America today has no flag on the high seas, or might as well not have, for we cannot compete with any other country, and must hand the load over to anybody that asks for it. The only way for us to continue in the Pacific trade would be for the railroads to own their own steamers and run them at heavy loss.

"We are not a sea-faring nation. We have no sails, though under the law Americans must constitute two-thirds or three-fourths of the crews. What we must have to make an ocean carrying trade possible is not subsidies, but intelligent legislation—legislation that helps instead of hinders."

IMPLICATE U. S. OFFICIALS

Startling Revelations Expected as Outcome of an Investigation on Pacific Coast.

San Francisco, July 31.—Startling revelations which, it is intimated, may involve immigration officials at Pacific ports and along the Mexican border are expected as the outcome of an investigation now being carried on by the federal government of the illegal entry of Chinese and Japanese coolies into this country.

Professor Fernando Sanford, of Stanford university, is one of the men appointed by the President to investigate the immigration conditions. He has arrived here, after months of work along the Mexican border and it is said that the report signed by Sanford and other investigators and forwarded to Washing makes interesting disclosures as to the number of coolies smuggled over the line.

The various investigating commissions are now gathered here and looking into the matter locally. Professor Sanford said yesterday that so far no information of importance had been obtained, but it reported that a ring of coolie smugglers has been discovered, which includes some big merchants of Chinatown, and that this organization has been carrying on a regular business of raising funds to aid in the smuggling operations.

POULTRY PROFESSORSHIP

Position in Texas Offered to Hoosier Negro Preacher.

Richmond, Ind., Aug. 1.—Rev. W. W. Russel, negro pastor of the Second Baptist church, has received an offer of the professorship in poultry husbandry in Conroe Agricultural college, Conroe, Texas. While he has not accepted, it is probable that he will do so. Mr. Russell is known as one of the most able experts on poultry in the United States, is frequently called upon to act as a judge and has been elected a life member of the American Poultry association.

OFF PROHIBITION TICKET

Mahlon Rouch Has a Better Chance in Wayne Co.

Columbus, Aug. 1.—Mahlon Rouch, of Wooster, has retired as candidate for supreme court judge on the prohibition ticket, and will run for probate judge in his home county, Wayne, where he is on both Republican and Prohibition tickets.

Rev. G. H. Creamer, of Clarksburg, is mentioned for the vacancy on the ticket for lieutenant governor. This vacancy was caused by the withdrawal of A. S. Watkins, of Ada, who was drafted for the second place on the national ticket.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

Have faith, have faith, 'tis the gleam that dispels
All mists and clouds and funeral knells;
Come, doubt no more, oh, timid heart,
Know that of all good you are a part.

MONDAY.

Anger and worry are thieves that steal precious time and energy from life.

TUESDAY.

Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let not father or mother, sister or brother, nor any third person ever presume to come in between you two, or to share the joys and sorrows that belong to you two alone.

WEDNESDAY.

There are blessings to review,
Time Hope's rainbow will renew,
God will keep his pledge to you—
Don't be blue.

THURSDAY.

Toleration is the greatest gift of the mind; it requires the same effort of the brain that it takes to balance one's self on a bicycle.

FRIDAY.

Some day we shall know that every sorrow in our lives held a secret of joy for us. Only in entire surrender and devotion to Christ can we learn the new song.

SATURDAY.

A song is such a little thing;
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song and all is well.

HOW MARY "HUNG ON"

Mrs. James sat by the sunny window of her cozy kitchen, sewing diligently. Her mind was troubled, and her thoughts flew faster than her fingers, though they were stitching rapidly at ruffle and seam.

"Let me see," she said to herself: "I'll get about two dollars for this work, which will take me nearly a week to finish. I'll never get the mortgage paid off at that rate. Land, two dollars for a whole week's work! That isn't a-goin' to do."

She was a tall, wiry woman, whose firm mouth and chin indicated an indomitable and courageous spirit. Her son had contributed to the support of the family, but he had recently married, and his mother had told him that henceforth he must look after himself and his wife and not trouble about his parents. "You've been a good son," she said, "but hereafter you must do for yourself. It's no more than fair."

The little house in which Mr. and Mrs. James lived, while they called it their own, had a mortgage upon it of five hundred dollars. It was a difficult task to pay the interest, and money to apply on the principal seemed an impossibility.

Mr. James was a well-meaning, indolent sort of a man, but his inclination to "let things slide," had always been his weakness, and he could not be counted on as a dependency. His wife was really the mainstay of the family. She had always worked to help things along, but now that she had launched out alone by her refusal to receive any more of her son's assistance the weight of her responsibility was heavy. Plain sewing had been her way of earning extra money, but, under the new conditions, it was evident that something more must be done, or they would be homeless. What the something more should be was the problem she was trying to solve.

As the noon hour approached she sat, for a moment looking about the room. It was a bright, cheery place, and its walls were covered with a prettily flowered paper. The paper seemed to attract Mrs. James' attention. She arose from her chair and looked at it closely. She passed her hand over its smooth surface, and then looked up at the equally smooth surface of the ceiling.

"I put on that paper," she thought, "and every bit that's on the walls of this house. What is to prevent my hanging paper for other people and earn a living that way? I'll try it and see what I can do."

She set her lips with the firmness of decision.

When her husband came to his dinner she told him of her plan.. He listened in evident astonishment, but did not say anything, until they were at the table. He ate in silence for a moment, but finally, with knife and fork in hand, he leaned back in his chair and said slowly: "Well, Mary, I've lived with you long enough to know that you generally do as you say, but this certainly is the limit. Where are your customers, and how are you going to get a start?"

"I shall go out and look for business," Mary answered briskly. "I'm mighty sure it won't come looking for me. And, listen here, John James, you being a painter by trade, can help more'n some, and you'll be expected to."

Mr. James resumed his meal without further comment, and ate heartily. His habit of "letting things slide" prevented any disturbance of mind which might interfere with his appetite.

That afternoon, Mary, knowing that one of her neighbors was planning to have her house newly papered, went to call upon her, in hopes of obtaining the work. After a few moments of visiting, she explained the enterprise she was contemplating and asked to be given a chance to prove her ability as a paperhanger. Her neighbor was inclined to be doubtful, but she was interested in this venture into a field little occupied by women, and altogether they "ran over" to Mary's house, so that her work might be inspected. The neighbor expressed herself more than pleased, but she was a cautious woman, and would only promise Mary that she might "do" the kitchen. The success or failure of this was to determine whether she might paper the rest of the rooms.

The kitchen was so much of a success that the entire house and the selecting of the paper was given into her charge. The result was so pleasing it developed a demand for Mrs. James' work that far exceeded her expectations. She had many difficulties to overcome, and she worked at a low price until she considered herself a proficient paperhanger. So many people came to know of Mary that she was brought under the the attention of the paperhangers' union, and from this source she met with opposition. A meeting was called to devise some way to subdue this troublesome woman. A friend of hers, who belonged to the union, went to the meeting, and afterwards reported its proceedings.

"Well, Mrs. James," he said, "it was about the greatest circus you ever saw. If I hadn't known it was you they were talking about I should have thought you were someone terrible, trying to take the bread from the mouths of those poor, helpless critters. One big fellow got up to speak, after meeting was called, and the way he gave it to you ought to have made your ears burn, good and plenty. There was a good deal more of that sort of talk, till finally one of the quiet, level-headed fellows, who had been sitting in a corner, listening, got up, and commenced to speak. They all seemed to pay attention to him, and he said he didn't see any reason in the discussion. As far as he could make out, you were only trying to make an honest living, without asking odds of anyone. He thought you ought to be let alone. Then he moved to lay the question on the table, and, instead of fighting you, to help you along if it was needful. That motion was seconded quicker'n a minute, and you're to be allowed to do all the papering you want to, so far as the union is concerned."

Mrs. James smiled. "Thank you," she said. "I knew they wouldn't stop me. I have all the work I can do. I am earning our living and a little over, and I don't intend to stop work as long as I can climb a stepladder. You see," she went on, "the women folks like to have me, because I kept house long enough to know what a fuss and bother papering makes around a place, and I've got sense enough not to do it that way. Mr. James goes with me and he moves the furniture, so people don't have to be disturbed or do anything themselves. If I can't get a room done in one day, I just take one side of it and get that finished; then I put things back, so the room can be used that night. The next day I go to work in the same way, and so on until the papering is done. They don't even have to take up the carpets. We have a big canvas we spread over the floor, and we don't bring in much clutter.

"I papered twenty rooms in a boarding house once, and not one of the boarders had to move out. Part of it's pretty work, too, and sometimes the flowers look so natural it almost seems as if they were growing, and I could pick them like I used to in mother's garden, back home. I've never had much time for flowers since I've been married, and I like to see the bright colors and make a room look just as pretty as I know how. Oh, yes, I'm going right on with the work. John's a great help, he's got so handy. Much obliged to you for going to that meeting."

At the end of a year Mrs. James found she had made their living, paid off a portion of the mortgage, and still had a balance of thirty dollars. The following year was even a better one financially. It became necessary to hire help, while a distant cousin was summoned to take charge of the home. As time went on Mary's trade kept steadily increasing until the mortgage was cleared and a comfortable little sum was deposited in the bank for a possible rainy day.

Mary felt she could afford to take a much-needed rest from her labors and pay a visit to her son who had conferred upon her the proud title of grandmother. He lived some distance away. The evening before she was to start upon her journey she was sitting in the same chair she had occupied when the bright thought of being a paper hanger had come into her mind.

She rocked back and forth, summing up the events of the past few years, forgetting in the satisfaction brought by her success, the hard work that had been necessary. She looked at her husband with a contented smile.

"I call it pretty good work for a woman," she said, speaking aloud her thoughts, "though you've worked hard for it too, John James," she put in generously. "We have our home now, and a business that brings in a comfortable living. I call it pretty good."

"So do I, Mary," John James answered; "it's as good as a man could have done, though I'll own up I hadn't much faith when you began it. A woman is a wonderful critter to hang on when she once takes hold."

ELIZABETH AYRES.

The circumstances of this story are true ones, and happened in Toledo. I thought, perhaps, you Household people might like to read the tale for the sake of knowing how one woman "hung on" after she had taken hold.—E. A.

Cozy Corner

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

I enjoy the letters so much and find a great deal in our corner that is helpful, but of all the letters, those that appeal to me most are the ones of young wives who are in perplexity how best to overcome the various trials of housekeeping and child training; I can sympathize with them. When younger I helped my husband through two seasons of farming. How I ever did it is almost a puzzle to me now. I remember that the dinner was the worst part, as we were both tired and hungry at dinner time, and I could not prepare a nourishing meal while my husband was caring for the teams, so I hit on the plan of using a home-made, fireless cooker, and lo, how easy! How the good the beans, potatoes, soup, rice, etc., seemed to us, steaming and done to a turn.

Never mind if all your work is not done the way your mother taught you, so long as you can manage to keep your kitchen in order and always have plenty of clean towels and wearing apparel. Never mind if the piano is not dusted every day, but do, by all means, use every opportunity to enjoy the music with your husband. It is worth more to your tired selves than all the dusting.

Try having three small laundry bags and put each kind of clothes in its own bag. The night before washday, shake into a tub of water mixed with some kind of washing powder, the darkest and most soiled of the clothes. Then put in the contents of the other bags. While you are getting breakfast, wring out and boil with soap and a few tablespoonfuls of kerosene, and your wash will be finished before you know it.

I found where the water was hard to get, that washing on Thursday was just as well, then the rinse water may be used to mop and clean porches with, in order to give everything the tidy, Sunday appearance. By using two mops, one medium, and one large, you need not wring them out. Use the small one to mop, and the large, dry one to wipe. Rinse out and hang in a sunny place to dry. Another help is to prepare a quantity of such foods that have to be stewed, or are better for being warmed and fixed over, instead of cooking fresh things every meal.

I have found also, that in sewing for a big family, it is a help to cut several garments at once, and the hemmer, gatherer, etc., can be used on all without stopping to unfasten. I have made as many as five little dresses in one day in this way.

It is a great mistake to try to do more than one is able, and above all, do not worry over a few trifles left undone, but try to be as cheerful and happy as possible. Instead of crying over mishaps, as I have seen women do, allow your sense of humor to step in. I have found that a constant blessing. I believe it helps to keep us young in looks as well as in spirit. I am almost 40, and with children that tower over my head, but I can enjoy a game of tag on the lawn with my flock, at twilight, or a romp over the hills of Washington—and mighty steep ones they are—and not feel much the worse for wear.

Having myself derived so much benefit from the letters, and hoping some one will find something helpful in these lines, I am yours.—Fair, Fat and Forty.

A FAVORED ONE.

Since my first acquaintance with The Blade, almost 40 years ago, I have loved to read the Household page and have frequently thought of writing.

A short time ago I was very much interested in a letter written by Aunt Mary Ann, and as our fortunes in life have been similar I cannot refrain from adding my experience to hers, as being one of the favored ones.

I am 63 years old, have been married almost 41 years. I am the mother of six children, all daughters, five of whom are married and keeping house. I have twelve grandchildren—six boys and six girls. We have never had a death in the family, and though I have had some trouble to contend with, the Lord has sustained me through it all, and I find my happiness and pleasure in life grow with the passing years.—Elizabeth Ann.

INQUIRIES.

Mrs. M. L. Whelan, of Oklahoma, would like to know different ways of cooking and serving okra, lettuce and all kinds of beans. She writes also:

"How do you wash table linen to keep it free from stains? Small children and careless 'men folks' get it so very dirty."

Lula Horne writes, "Will some one tell me how to keep bugs out of seed beans?"

Can any of our good housewives give the recipe for sweet cucumber pickles like those sold in bulk at the groceries?—Anxious.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Please tell Brunette to let her red berries cook about ten minutes. Then sweeten them and put in glass jars. Cover with the juice and seal tight.—Blue-Eyed Blue Belle.

In response to the inquiry from Olive K. Deweese, asking for a recipe for making salad out of tender beet stems, we have the following:

Take small young beets and adjoining tender stems and boil them until tender. Remove the skins in a pan of cold water. Slice, or cut in small cubes, keeping hot until the dressing is poured over and they are ready for the table.

To make the dressing, take a half pint of not too strong vinegar, add a tablespoonful of butter and one or more of sugar. One tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of mustard, made smooth with vinegar or water. Stir these ingredients into the boiling vinegar. Beat the yolks of two eggs. Stir the mixture on the eggs, but do not let boil. When it is thick as good cream, remove from the stove. Add a half cup of thick cream, either sweet or sour; then add a teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, and a pinch of ground cloves. Stir the hot beets into this and serve. It is a dish fit for a king.—Mrs. M. A. Reed.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Auntie A—Your letter is received and thank you for your interest. The card discussion closed some weeks ago, but I should be glad to have you write again on some other subject, whenever you feel inclined.—Editor.

Old Pilgrim—I always read all the letters from the greeting to the farewell, and of course I read yours. Your words of approval for the Household page cheers me on my way. Your letter is filled with good will and kindliness. Your philosophy of life is excellent, and as you carry it out, you surely must be a help and comfort to many others. Regarding the reunion you speak of, I do not see a way for it at present, but I am very much obliged to you for your offer of assistance. Perhaps it may happen some time.—Editor.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge letters from Sweetheart, Blue-Eyed Bluebelle, Mrs. M. A. Reed, Old Pilgrim, Lula Horne, Mrs. N. N. James, H. Greeley Miller, Granna and Dolly.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

Court Dress of One Hundred Years Ago

FIG.1—PRINCESS OF WALES (CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK) FIG.2 A LADY OF QUALITY. FIG.3 LADY CHOLMONDELEY'S COURT DRESS. FIG.4. ORDINARY DRESS OF THE PERIOD.

Before the beginning of the nineteenth century the hood had vanished.

Slimness was the order of the day; gowns made of the softest, thinnest stuffs fell limp and lank over undergarments reduced to a minimum—the entire clothing of an ultra-smart woman weighing but a few ounces. But English court regulations still decreed the wearing of the hoop, and continued so to do until George IV., with unusual good sence, abolished the ugly thing on his accession to the throne of England in 1820.

The court hoop of a hundred years ago was singularly disfiguring. Lacking all trace of the dignity of its Elizabethan forerunner, it was very wide and short in front, the petticoat was correspondingly abbreviated, and the ungraceful effect was enhanced by the absurdly scanty train, usually forming part of a short tablier or overskirt. The bodice was in most cases tight and plain. The first of the illustrations shows the Princess of Wales, the unhappy Caroline of Brunswick, in the dress worn at a birthday court. According to the contemporary description it was of silver and lilac tissue bordered with grapes and vine leaves in jewel-eled embroidery, the train being of silver tissue edged with silver fringe. A "winged ruff a la Mary Queen of Scots" finished off the top of the decidedly low corsage, and the princess' hair was covered with a net studded with diamonds and amethysts, from the front of which stood up a cluster of enormously long ostrich feathers. These, by the way, if the picture is to be relied on, have "no visible means of support."

The princess, it will be seen, wore neither lappets nor veil; but in Fig. 2, which represents "A Lady of Quality in Her Birthday Court Dress" (January 18, 1808), narrow lappets of Brussels lace appear to be attached below the coil of her hair, the loftly plumes being fastened to the narrow gold net that crosses the top of the head. The hoop of the "Lady of Quality" is of the most aggressively ungraceful type, and the lines of the comparatively high bodice are very ugly. Nevertheless the gown must have been gorgeous to behold, for we read that the white satin petticoat was covered entirely with gold spangles arranged in a scale pattern and trimmed with wide bands of white velvet embroidered with gold, while the bodice and train were of purple velvet edged with gold fringe. Heavy gold cords outlined the curious "pocket-holes," and the shoes of ruby velvet (quite an odd touch of contrasting color this) were likewise said to be worked in gold.

Lady Cholmondeley's court costume (worn in July, 1808) is remarkable for the shape of the hoop, which resembles the "side" or "panier" hoop of the middle of the eighteenth century. The material of the gown was primrose sarsnet, we are told, with over-dress and flounce of point lace, the former caught up with clusters of white feathers and chains of diamonds, which jewels were lavishly used as a trimming. A huge spray of diamond oak leaves crossed the bodice and bands of the stones outlined the waist and edged the short sleeves, while the yellow and white head feathers towered above a diamond bandeau, narrow lace lappets falling at the back. The fans carried by the Princess of Wales, Lady Cholmondeley and the unnamed "Lady of Quality" were exceedingly small, and the leaves were of gauze, spangled or jeweled, and mounted on sticks of carved ivory.

Judging by the contemporary description of these and other court gowns of the same period, their coloring and material left little or nothing to be desired. On these points the taste of the Georgian modistes—or their customers—was unimpeachable, and for the shape and style they were perhaps hardly responsible. One reads of Princess Mary wearing a court dress of brown crepe embroidered with roses in pink silk, dull gold and bright silver, with a train of shot-brown purple and silver tissue trimmed with point lace and silver fringe, which surely should have been charming. Another gown—Princess Augusta's—the description of which sounds fascinating, was of lilac satin embroidered in gold with a design of chestnuts and leaves, with a train widely bordered with black velvet, also gold-worked. Indeed, all the gowns were so abundantly embroidered with gold or silver threads, spangles or cords, often mixed with jewels or beads, and so heavily befringed that their weight must have been immense, hence it was fortunate for their wearers that the ultra-voluminous court train, both long and wide, had not yet been introduced by Dame Fashion at court.

How markedly court costumes contrasted with the ordinary full dress of the period is shown by Fig. 4. The two gowns here depicted are in the pseudo-classic style. Both are of soft white material, but that on the left of the plate is partly covered with a tunic of violet embroidered and edged with gold.

These dresses are in the real empire style, which, as students of history know, was fashionable in France just after the great Napoleon made himself emperor of the French, and continued in vogue for several years.

Imagine how we women of today would feel and look in the dresses described and pictured!—Editor.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Our entertainment begins today with a thrilling story of adventure, which I feel sure you will all enjoy.—Miss Prudence.

Gladys from the Wild Rose State wants to know how many of us have been in California? I have traveled the state from the Shasta mountains in the north to San Diego in the south. Gladys, if you were in Healdsburg any length of time, you must have enjoyed a drive from there to Guerneville or Calistoga. Did you see the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, and what did you think of the streets in that city?

When I was railroading, I ran an engine on the Oregon Short Line from Salt Lake City to Pocatello, Idaho. What part of Iowa do you live in? I have a farm in Potawatomy county, just six miles from Council Bluffs.

Speaking of traveling and scenery reminds me of a ride I had down Rascon mountain in old Mexico, some years ago. I was working as an engineer on the Mexican Central R. R., on the Tampico division between Tampico and Cardenas. In leaving Tampico you travel for some distance through a semi-tropical, swampy country. Plant life abounds in variegated hues, and parrots fly in every direction till you arrive at Tamasopa at the foot of the mountain. Here you find a coaling station and a railway eating house, run by Chinamen, as are most of the railroad restaurants in Mexico.

When luncheon is over, two engines are coupled onto the passenger train and you start on your upward journey of fifty miles. Then comes a short down grade and you are in Cardenas, 8,000 feet above sea level. On your way up you come along where there is a cliff of rock on your left, rising hundreds of feet in the air. On your right there is an abyss, thousands of feet deep, with only room for the tracks between the rock wall and the abyss. You go through a series of tunnels, where you get choked with smoke, and at last arrive at the top of the mountain, where you can look down into eight water tanks which are filled by gravity from the mountain stream. To thoroughly enjoy the scenery, you must come down the mountain. You dash around a curve into a tunnel and catch your breath to keep the smoke from choking you, but to your surprise the air is clear and pure. Only steam enough is needed to work the air-pump that operates the brakes. The fireman does not have a heavy fire, therefore there is little smoke.

One night I came down the mountain with five carloads of lead bullion behind me. At my first attempt to apply the brakes the reverse rod in the air-pump broke. I whistled for brakes, but the train was swinging and rolling so the train crew was afraid to come over the tops of the cars to set the hand-brakes. The conductor got on the first car ahead of the caboose, set the brake, which gave him slack between it and the caboose, so he could pull the pin, disconnecting the caboose, which, being light, he could stop with a hand-brake.

There were the native fireman and I on a wild train, rushing down fifty miles of mountain road at a speed I dare not estimate. Should we jump to the right, 'twould be to dash our brains out against the rock wall. To the left we should be buried into an abyss whose depths no man knows. Almighty God alone was between us and death. Down in Tamasopa they could see the headlight of my engine flash around the curves, and from the rapidity with which the engine took the curves they knew the train was running wild.

The yardmaster, an American, cleared the main line so that should the engine keep the track we would have a chance for our lives. Well, she stuck to the track, and I dashed around the last curve, where I could look down into the small town. I whistled for the track, got a "come ahead" signal and breathed a sigh of relief.

It seemed only a second till the depot lights flashed by me. About five miles below the town I stopped the train by taking a coal-pick handle and going back over the cars I set the brakes. When I returned to the engine I told the fireman to fix his fire and we would back in to Tamasopa, but the poor fellow did not answer. He sat on his seat, stone dead, the excitement having proved too much for him.

While I wish you all may have the pleasure of seeing Rascon mountain, with its unsurpassed scenery, I hope it will not be with a troubled mind, and expecting to face your Creator every minute, as I did on that never-to-be-forgotten night. Well, good-bye, till the spirit moves me again.—Grandpa.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

A word in your ears: Don't say in your letters "If I am welcome, I will come again, etc." Take it for granted you are welcome. I have said you were, time and time over, and when you feel like coming, all you have to do is to walk in. Please do not talk any more about waste baskets, or say "If I am welcome." This is a scolding, but now it's all over.—Yours truly, Miss Prudence.

Genevieve Roop—Your letter came out from under the heap, too late for publication, as you must either be in California now or have returned to your home. If you happen to see this, write and tell us about your journey.

Instead of saying "nom de plume," why don't you say pen name? We are an English-speaking people, you know, though a knowledge of foreign languages is good to possess.

Bonnie Russel—Thank you for the postal. You are getting me quite interested in the Indian schools, and I trust you will soon find it possible to "make good."

Letters newly arrived in the M. G. R. mail bag are from King Henry VI, A Hoosier Maid, Hoosier Lad, Le Blanc, M. Elizabeth, Bashful Elsie, Wild Man, Girl of the Golden West, Western Witch, Grace M. Fetrick, Gypsy from West Va., and Florine de Hildine.

You see we have a king's name at the head of our list of letters, but we can't be scared by royalty.

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As you take the soiled papers from your kitchen table wrinkle them up and give the top of your stove a good rubbing and save blacking it for that day.

MUSTARD PICKLES

Grey Wing writes: "As it is nearing the time to put up pickles, I will give my favorite recipe, hoping it will be just what someone wants. These pickles do not require cooking, are easily made, will keep indefinitely, and I consider them quite as good as those which call for so much trouble in preparing. They are mustard pickles, and the way to prepare them is this: One cupful of ground mustard, one cupful of salt, one of sugar. Mix while dry, then add one gallon of good cider vinegar. Pick and wash your cucumbers. Drop them into the vinegar, cover and put a weight on the crock to keep them well under the vinegar. You can put them in a few at a time if it is more convenient, but always keep them under the pickle."

The Gratitude of a Squaw

"There, Bobby! There, Kitty! Papa has played long enough. Run away now, or we won't have any wood to burn next winter." And, clapping his hat on his head and seizing his axe, Mr. Joiner started for the forest, on the edge of which stood his little home, far down in the southern part of Alabama.

Bobby ran after him shouting: "Papa, papa, let me go wif you. I'll be a good boy."

"Come along then," answered his father, "but hurry now, I'm very late." And off they went, Bobby carrying his toy hatchet over his shoulder as his father carried his axe.

Bobby played about happily for a long time, now trying to cut down little trees with his hatchet, now hunting for wild grapes, and now peering into holes after rabbits; but at last, growing tired—for he was only four years old—he said:

"Papa, I reckon I'll go home now to see mamma and get someting to eat. I'll carry her some fat lightwood to kindle her fire wif." And filling his arms with small sticks of pitch pine, Bobby started off.

His father watched him a moment; but, seeing that he was in the right path to the house, he went on with his work until the horn called him home to dinner, Kitty ran to meet him, but Bobby was nowhere to be seen.

A few questions and answers told the father that he had not been home, and, without waiting for his dinner, he turned back into the forest. He soon reached the spot where he had last seen the child as he trudged toward home, and he began a search among the trees on either side. After a time he discovered the tiny armful of lightwood which Bobby was carrying home to his mother flung on the ground, evidently by an older hand and longer arm than Bobby's; but no other track or trace could he find. The ground all about was covered thickly with soft pine needles, which would not only deaden the sound of footsteps, but would make no impression of them. He kept up the search, however, until darkness came upon him, when he returned home, hastily snatched a little food, and started for the home of his nearest neighbor to obtain help in his search.

Days and weeks passed. Neighbors and friends for miles around had hunted for the lost boy, but could find not even a clue to his whereabouts, and hope of ever seeing him again was well-nigh abandoned. Cold weather was close at hand, and Mr. Joiner had gone to his wood-chopping.

Mrs. Joiner was busy in the kitchen one forenoon when a shadow darkened the window, and she glanced up to see an Indian squaw poking in upon her. She held a pappoose in her arms instead of carrying it in the customary way upon her back, and her eyes wore such a troubled look that Mrs. Joiner went at once to the door and beckoned her in, first making sure that the door into the bedroom where Kitty and the baby were sleeping was closed.

"Me got sick pappoose," said the squaw, stopping in the doorway. "You make he well?"

"I'll try," answered Mrs. Joiner. "Let me see the baby. What is the matter with him?" and she pulled aside the blanket covering the pappoose.

"Him bery sick. Him choke. Him no bref," said the mother, anxiously.

Mrs. Joiner took the baby in her arms and listened to his labored breathing. "It's not croup," she said at last, "though it soon would have been if you had not brought him to me. May I put him into a warm bath?" For the poor little wretch was dirty to the last degree.

Gaining the mother's consent, she stripped the baby, put him into a hot bath, and, when his breathing seemed easier, she wrapped him in warm, clean flannels belonging to her own children, rubbed his chest with goose grease, and administered medicine and food.

The little pappoose slept until nearly night, and when, on his waking, his mother would have taken him and departed, both Mr. and Mrs. Joiner insisted that she should remain all night and sleep on the kitchen floor.

"Your baby will be sick again if you take him out now," said Mrs. Joiner, "and he may die. Stay here tonight." And she stayed.

In the morning the little Indian was bright and lively, laughing and crowing like any healthy, happy baby. Mrs. Joiner cuddled and petted him until the squaw said:

"You like my boy? You got no boy?"

"No," answered Mrs. Joiner. "I had one, but he got lost last summer, and we never could find him."

The woman started, then said:

"How old you boy? What like him? Got blue eye? Curls on head? Walk straight—head up?"

"Oh, yes, yes," answered Mrs. Joiner. "Where is he? Do you know? Can you take me to him? Quick! Quick!

"I find he. You make my boy well. I find yours. I go, but I come again soon. Trust me." And the squaw went swiftly into the forest, carrying her pappoose on her back, and leaving Mrs. Joiner almost wild between hope and fear.

A week passed, and the squaw had not reappeared; but toward night, near the end of the second week, she came silently into the kitchen door, leading by the hand the lost boy. With a shout of joy he sprang into his mother's arms and buried his face in her neck.

In the joyful tumult which followed, the squaw turned and was stealing away as silently as she had come, when Mrs. Joiner ran after and detained her.

"Wait!" she said. "You must have food and stay the night with us, and you will tell us where you found our boy."

The woman shook her head. "Me no tell," she said. "Great chief kill me if he know I steal the boy. He like boy. He want make him big chief. Me no tell. You good to me and my pappoose, and me tank you. Me get your boy, but—"and, shaking her head in a meaning way, she swiftly disappeared in the forest, and no one in the neighborhood ever saw or heard of her again.—Sarah E. Gannett in Every Other Sunday.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE CHALLENGE.

By T. J. Kenower.

Slowly o'er the distant mountains sinks
the glorious sun to rest,
Gilding with its lingering splendor the
horizon of the west;
And the twilight, softly falling over
forest, field and hill,
Brings the hour of peace and comfort,
bidding all the world be still.

Save the faint and hollow murmur of
the distant waterfalls,
Or some bird returning homeward, to
its mate a greeting calls;
Save the far off drowsy tinkle from
the herd upon the hill,
All the sounds at length grow fainter,
nature sleeps—the world is still.

Now are seen amid the darkness fires
glowing warm and bright,
For beside the Rappahannock two great
armies meet tonight;
On its banks they build their fires, on
the sod their arms they lay;
On one bank the Blue are camping; on
the other side the Gray.

Soon there comes from o'er the river
strains of music loud and grand;
'Tis the sound of martial music from
the Union army's band;
And We'll Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys,
was the soul-inspiring air;
To cheer the weary soldier's heart,
there's none that's half so fair.

Now at length the strain is ended, and
the army of the Gray
Quick the challenge has accepted, but
another air they play;
The Bonnie Blue Flag, in lively measure, with its accents sweet and
clear,
Giving hope to every soldier, driving
from them thoughts of fear.

Then, again, from o'er the river, from
the gallant boys in Blue,
Came the notes of Hail Columbia, loud
and joyous, firm and true,
Swelling like the voice of nations,
borne on wings of music grand;
Born within the hearts of freemen, uttered by the Union band.

Scarcely has the lingering echo, from
the mountains died away,
When Away Down South in Dixie, from
the army of the Gray,
Speaks their dearest wish and purpose,
tells of hopes as strong and true,
As were those so dearly cherished by
the army of the Blue.

Sweet the sound of martial music,
floating on the evening air;
Terrible the dark foreboding that their
lively measures bear;
To the ear it brings its beauty, to the
heart the throbs of pain;
Thus together joy and sadness blended
in the same refrain.

All is hushed. The silvery rippling of
the river flowing near,
And perhaps the faggots crackling are
the only sounds they hear;
Not the faintest echo answers from the
hills now lost to view.
All are waiting for the answer from the
army of the Blue.

But within one soldier's bosom there is
borne a gentler strain,
And his comrades untrained voices join
him in the sweet refrain.
But it bears no word of challenge, has
no thought of party pride,
For its visions are of loved ones, and
the hallowed fireside.

Home, Sweet Home, the notes float upward, out upon the quiet night,
Others now have caught the meaning,
and their melody unite.
As the chorus still is swelling every
voice prolongs the lay,
Rendered by the word and music from
both the Blue and the Gray.

Fuller, stronger, grows the music,
swelling upward through the air,
Even to the gates of heaven, and perhaps it enters there,
Where the notes are sweetly blended
with angelic singers' lay,
Blending, all in one grand chorus, there
is known no Blue, no Gray.

The song is o'er, the closing measure
softly, now has died away;
But we hear no further challenge from
the Blue or from the Gray.
For the theme so aptly suited to each
weary soldier's heart,
Brooks no thought of civil warfare, and
no words of hate impart.

As each soldier, worn and weary, on
his humble couch is lain;
Something in his dusky features takes
away the powder stain.
Can it be the dews from heaven, falling
on the sleeper's face?
Or do tears thus undiscovered down the
soldier's features trace?

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

By William Cullen Bryant.

Chained in the market place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name.
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground:
And silently they gazed at him
As on a lion bound.

Vainly but well that chief had fought—
He was a captive now—
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow,
The scars his dark broad bosom wore
Showed warrior true and brave;
A prince among his tribe berore,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake:
"My brother is a king;
Undo this necklace from my neck
And take this bracelet ring;
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains
And gold dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chains;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle spear again.
A price thy nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea."

Then spoke the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the plaited locks and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look! feast thy greedy eyes with gold,
Long kept for sorest need.
Take it; thou askest sums untold,
And say that I am freed.
Take it—my wife the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa tree
And my young children leave their play
And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold; but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong;
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife shall wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear;
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain!
At once his eye grew wild;
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled!
Yet wore not long those fatal bands;
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sand,
The foul hyena's prey.

THE HALLOWED SPOT

By the Rev. William Hunter.

There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Tho' that is almost heaven,
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the waves' commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me faint with terror,
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error.

Sinking and panting as for breath
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, "Oh, save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me."
Then quick as tho't I felt him mine,
My Savior stood before me;
I saw His brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory, Glory."

O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger round thee.
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

THE LILY OF THE WEST.

I had just come down from Louisville,
Some pleasure I thought I'd find;
I saw a girl from Michigan,
Most pleasing to my mind.
Her ruby cheeks, her rolling eyes,
Like arrows pierced my breast,
They called her handsome Mary,
The lily of the west.

I courted her for many a day,
Her love I thought to gain;
Too soon, too soon, she slighted me,
Which caused me grief and pain.
She robbed me of my liberty,
Deprived me of my rest,
But I loved that handsome Mary,
The lily of the west.

One evening as I wandered,
Down by yon shady grove,
I saw a lord of high degree,
Conversing with my love.
He sang, he sang so merrily,
While I was sore oppressed,
He sang for handsome Mary,
The lily of the west.

I rushed upon my rival,
With a dagger in my hand;
I tore him from my own true love,
And I boldly made him stand.
Being mad to desperation,
My dagger pierced his breast,
And I was betrayed by Mary,
The lily of the west.

And now comes on my trial,
Convicted soon I'll be;
They put me in a criminal box,
And there convicted me.
But she so deceived the jury,
So handsomely she dressed,
She far outshone bright Venus,
The lily of the west.

And now I've gained my liberty,
I'll rove the country through;
I'll wander o'er the cities,
Till I find my loved one true.
Tho' she robbed me of my liberty,
Deprived me of my rest,
I love that handsome Mary,
The lily of the west.

THE OLD HICKORY CANE.

How well do I remember when I was a child,
We lived in the old-fashioned home,
The chimney was deep and the stone hearth was wide,
The fire-dogs, how brightly they shone!
The spirit of mischief seemed ever at play,
We tried to keep still, but in vain,
The signal for quiet I ne'er shall forget,
'Twas the thump of the old hickory cane.

CHORUS.

The old hickory cane, the old hickory cane,
The cane that was knotty and old;
My father's companion, the staff of his life
It's presence I ne'er can forget.

'Twas pleasant while living far out on the farm,
To welcome the old dinner horn,
The long winter evening brought cider and fruits,
And popping of chestnut and corn.
We thought it a treat when with hand on his cane,
Our father some story would tell;
Each eye would be on his good-humored face,
Ah me, I remember it well.

His high back old chair now looks silent and lone,
His Bible is lying there still,
The frost of old age laid its sorrow on his head,
And bent his tall form to its will.
A nail in the corner still holds that old cane,
The hand that caressed it is cold,
We laid him to rest, but still ever we keep,
The cane that is knotty and old.

POEMS WANTED.

The song entitled The Carpenter's Wife is asked for.

These four songs are requested:

1. People Will Talk. You Know.
2. Fly Across the Ocean, Birdie.
3. My Christian Friends, So Fare you Well. 4. Sit Down by the Side of Your Mother, My Boy.

The Buffalo Girls is a song which one of our friends would be delighted to have.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Next week we shall give the place of honor in the Poets' Corner to Jim Bludsoe, by the late John Hay.

Poems received in answer to our latest requests are: Mary and John; We Are Coming, Sister Mary; Good Morning, Merry Sunshine, and The Fatal Rose of Red.

You people are so prompt in sending in the requested poems that I wish I could show my appreciation by publishing every poem and every request as fast as they are received. The cry is "we are still 'way behind," and the excuse is the same old "I cannot help it." But you notice we have our Poets' Corner every week, and someone is sure to get the poems wanted.—Editor.

All letters for this page should be addressed to the Weekly Blade, Toledo O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left hand corner of the envelope.

ITCHING HUMOR ON BOY

His Hands Were a Solid Mass, and Disease Spread All Over Body.

CURED IN 4 DAYS BY CUTICURA

"One day we noticed that our little boy was all broken out with itching sores. We first noticed it on his little hands. His hands were not as bad then, and we didn't think anything serious would result. But the next day we heard of the Cuticura Remedies being so good for itching sores. By this time the disease had spread all over his body, and his hands were nothing but a solid mass of itching disease. I purchased a box of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, and that night I took the Cuticura Soap and lukewarm water and washed him well. Then I dried him and took the Cuticura Ointment and anointed him with it. I did this every evening and in four nights he was entirely cured. Mrs. Frank Donahue, 208 Fremont St., Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 16, 1907."

LAMPHERE INNOCENT?

Poison in Stomachs of Mrs. Gunness and Children

Laporte, Ind., July 30.—Coroner Mack announced today that Dr. Walter Haines, of Rush Medical college, Chicago, who analyzed the stomach of Andrew Helgelein, of Aberdeen, S. D., last victim of Belle Gunness, finding strychnine and arsenic in fatal doses, has also found in the stomachs of Mrs. Gunness and two of the children arsenic and strychnine in quantities sufficient to have caused death.

The discovery of poison in the woman's stomach and that of her children has upset many of the former theories in the case, and has opened up the possibility of Mrs. Gunness having killed the children in the same manner in which she took the lives of her victims, and then having ended her own life with a fatal dose.

Attorney Worden, who represents Ray Lamphere, charged with the Gunness murders and with being an accomplice of Mrs. Gunness in the Helgelein death, declares that the discovery shows that his client could have had nothing to do with the death of the woman and her children.

MYSTERY IN SHOOTING

Boy Shot at Point Where Taft Party Was Target.

Cincinnati, O., July 30.—Charles Hawks, 16 years old, was shot by an unknown person late yesterday, as the steamer Island Queen was going up the river, near the same place whence the shots were fired that struck Mrs. Russell while aboard that steamer on Taft notification night.

Hawks, with a number of other boys, was swimming at the foot of Whittaker street when the Island Queen passed. Suddenly the youth sank below the surface of the water. His associates, who had seen him go under, hurried to his assistance and carried him to the shore. Then it was found that a number of small bird shot were embedded in his face. He was hurried to the city hospital, where some of the shot were removed.

The police investigated, but could not find anyone who heard a shot fired. They are puzzled over the shooting of the boy and Mrs. Russell, and believe that an irresponsible person along the river is doing the shooting. They are making efforts to solve both mysteries.

CLASH WITH NEGROES

Only the Timely Arrival of Police Prevented a Loss of Life.

Norfolk, Va., Aug. 3.—There was a serious clash between negroes and United States sailors in Berkeley and South Norfolk last night and but for the timely arrival of the civil authorities, who took charge of three negroes with whom the trouble originated and gave them protection there might have been loss of life.

It is said the sailors from the St. Helena naval training station, a short distance away, had been taking corn from the farm lands of the negroes. One of the negroes fired upon the sailors, but said he did so only to frighten them off.

The seamen then drove the negroes, with their families, into the house on the place, and many shots, it is said, were fired into this house. The police called upon the naval authorities for aid, and the negroes who were being attacked, were finally gotten into Berkeley ward police station. Several hundred sailors assembled, and the police, hearing threats of lynching, hastened the negroes in a special car from Berkeley across the river to the central police station, in this city, where they still remain.

The sailors assembled around the Berkeley police station openly threatening attack and the naval authorities had to again send aid and run the enlisted men back to their stations.

ONE KILLED IN A RIOT

Twenty-five Others Hurt, Some Perhaps Fatally.

Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 3.—One man dead and twenty-five others severely injured, some of them fatally, are the results of a riot between Italians and Slavs at Gates, one of the H. C. Frick Coke company's plants near Masontown.

Jacob Furance, leader of the Italian faction, went to the gate of a Slav boarding house and defied its twenty-five inmates. Immediately Furance and Alex Molanski, leader of the Slavs, were engaged in a fight. Antillo Ronco, another Italian, went to the assistance of the former, and this was the signal for a general fight. Revolvers began to crack and Ronco fell dead struck, it is said, by a misdirected shot fired by Furance, to whose assistance he had gone. The injuries of the 25 men consist of bullet wounds through the body, arms and legs. The most serious wounds were received by the Italians.

A squad of the Pennsylvania constabulary was quickly at the scene and nineteen of the rioters were arrested and taken to Masontown. Members of both factions surrounded the jail demanding that their companions be liberated. During the night the jail was guarded, and Sunday the men were brought to Uniontown.

It was paytime and the men had been drinking half the day.

INDIANS SHOOT UP TOWN

Sioux War Dancers Get Whisky and Cause Terror.

Valentine, Neb., July 31.—Sioux Indians, who have been giving an exhibition of war dances at Kilgore, secured whisky and made an attack on the landlord of the hotel, named Kerschel, beating him badly. They then secured rocks, smashed every window in the hotel and tore things up generally. Inhabitants of the town barricaded themselves in their homes and allowed the redskins to make a night of it. They left in the early morning.

TURKS ARE ANGERED

Public Indignation Is Aroused at Delay in Promised Reforms.

LEISHMAN ON CONSTITUTION.

Washington, July 30.—American Ambassador Leishman at Constantinople, in a dispatch to the state department today touching the events in Turkey and the proclamation of a constitution, says:

"The change has been brought about with comparatively little bloodshed, although it is too early to determine whether the new machinery of the government will run without conflict or disturbance. The constitution is limited and is the same as that granted at the beginning of the present reign. Changes in the ministry are taking place, and efforts are being made to have some of the palace entourage displaced."

Vienna, July 30.—A dispatch from Constantinople to Die Zeit gives details of an alleged plot against the sultan's life, which, it says, finally determined the sultan to grant a constitution.

Demonstrations Cease.

Constantinople, July 30.—Street demonstrations here have practically ceased, but public indignation is growing at the delay in removing the obnoxious ministers and other government officials. Many reports are current of the dismissal and the flight of various officials, but it is impossible to ascertain the details. It is confirmed, however, that the minister of marine, Rami Pasha, has been forced out of office and replaced by Halil Pasha. An irade issued today appoints Izzet Pasha, president of the commission for the inauguration of the Hejaz railway. He will leave Constantinople for that region at once.

Zekki Pasha, inspector of military schools, has been dismissed, while Selim Pasha, minister of mines and forests, has fled with his family to Brindisi. The reformers further demand the dismissal of Thsain Pasha, one of the chief advisers in the palace, and Abdul Houda, the sultan's astrologer. Izzet Pasha's new appointment is equivalent to exile.

Three hundred officers of the Third army corps in Macedonia have been ordered to replace an equal number of officers of the Imperial guard. Mgr. Ormanian, the Armenian patriarch of Constantinople, has resigned.

Two hundred army officers have arrived at Adrianople from Saloniki to replace the incapable and doubtful officers of the Second army corps.

It has become known that Selim Melhamed Pasha, minister of mines and forests, was assisted in getting out of the country by the good offices of the Italian embassy, and this fact has produced a bad impression among the Liberal Turks. The escape of Selim Pasha is regarded as an act of cowardice in that he abandoned his sovereign at a critical juncture, a course which, it is held, testified to his guilty conscience. Italians explain that the embassy was not aware that Selim Pasha meditated flight.

BAN ON RACE PREJUDICE

Peace Congress Hears Resolution Adopted.

London, July 30.—The seventeenth universal peace conference today received a deputation consisting of the bishop of Ripon, the bishop of Massachusetts, and the bishop of Perth, Australia, who submitted a resolution passed by the Lambeth conference as follows:

"That the Lambeth conference, while frankly acknowledging the moral gains sometimes won by war, rejoices in the growth of the higher ethical perceptions evidenced by the increasing willingness to settle difficulties among nations by peaceful methods."

Continuing the resolution records the appreciation of the conference of the services rendered by the peace conferences at The Hague, its thankfulness for the work achieved and for the principles of international responsibility acknowledged by the delegates, and concludes with these words:

"Finally, realizing the danger inseparable from commercial progress, it urges upon all Christian peoples the duty of allaying race prejudices by reducing, by peaceful arrangements, the conflicts of trade interests and the promoting among all races of brotherly love for the good of all mankind."

The three bishops then briefly addressed the conference. The bishop of Massachusetts said he believed America could be depended upon, because of her government and her position, to stand whatever she could stand with justice for international peace.

After conveying its appreciation to the three bishops, the conference passed a resolution thanking King Edward for having re-established a precedent by receiving the delegates to the conference in audience.

Another resolution was passed expressing the opinion that for the moment a practical method to arrest the growth of armaments would be an agreement, for a short term of years, not to exceed the average total expenditure for army and navy made by each country during the period which had elapsed between the holding of the first and second Hague peace conferences.

CAME FROM AFRICA TO OFFICIATE AT WEDDING.

Norwalk, O., Aug. 1.—Rev. Dr. E. H. Richards, a noted missionary, who has been doing missionary work for many years on the east coast of Africa at Inhambane, has arrived in Norwalk, having made the long trip home to perform the ceremony at the wedding Thursday of his daughter, Miss Zell M. Richards, a student in Oberlin college, and Mr. Arthur N. Eldred, of Olmsted, who is a teacher in the Elyria public schools. Rev. Dr. Richards and his wife will remain in Norwalk some time, as he has numerous lecture engagements throughout the country.

GET ROBBERS IN CAMP

Postoffice Inspectors Recover More Than $10,000 Booty.

Marquette, Mich., Aug. 3.—E. E. Fraser and O. J. Clarke, postoffice inspectors, captured two men Saturday and recovered more than $10,000 worth of stamps and postal money orders.

The prisoners, George Ross and Frank Roche, were taken only after a hunt of more than two weeks. They are charged with many postoffice robberies during the past two years, in which time they are thought to have taken $50,000.

While the inspectors were searching the woods for the desperadoes, the postoffice at Kipling, Mich., was entered in broad daylight and all the stamps and money in the office taken. Clarke and Fraser arrived there a few hours after the robbery, obtained horses and followed the bandits.

The inspectors accidentally stumbled on the robbers' camp a few miles from Escanaba. Before either of the fugitives could reach for his weapons, the government officials had them covered with their revolvers. The two men were handcuffed and brought here.

LONLIEST MAN IN WORLD ENDS LIFE BY A BULLET

Marooned by Business on Tiny Island, He Concluded He Would Rather Be Dead Than Have Nobody to Talk To.

Vancouver, B. C., July 31.—Marooned by business on a tiny island in mid-Pacific, Allen Reid, manager for the Anchor Investment company, of Winnipeg, and the "lonelliest man," killed himself. He did this as much out of the old human desire for something to happen as for anything else.

"Get another man to fool with," he wrote to his company.

Reid, as manager, had a house and servants, and when he first became established his letters home echoed his glee at becoming the potentate of Graham island, in the Charlotte group. It took two months for him to get over the wonder of splendid sunsets. In time he got used to the sunsets, and beside this inevitable daily phenomenon there are but the sunrise and the flood and ebb of the tide to fall back on. His duties were largely a joke. There was nobody to talk to but the natives, and even when Reid got to understand their lingo he was not much better off.

The worst thing was that the world was always half a year ahead of him. His newspapers and letters were six months old when he got them.

After a while Reid spent his days in a hammock when he was not eating and drinking. He ended it by shooting himself, first writing a caustic letter to his firm telling them that it is only once in a while that an anywhere near normal man can be an exile and keep his grip on his nerve. A coroner's jury journeyed over to Reid's stronghold and returned a verdict denouncing the cruelty of cutting a man off from the rest of his kind.

"Wherever I am going," wrote Reid to a friend, "there will be somebody else there."

170 DIE IN BUSH FIRE

Half Dozen Cities and Towns in Canada Wiped Out—6,000 Homeless.

TOWNS DESTROYED OR IN PATH OF THE FLAMES.

	Population		Population
Fernie	5,000	Sparwood	200
Coal Creek	1,500	Olson	130
Michel	1,560	McGillvray	100
Hosmer	400	Hartley	100
Morrisey	320	Cokato	100
Elko	400		

Cranbrook, B. C., Aug. 3.—The most destructive conflagration in the history of Canada is sweeping the Elk river valley, leaving in its path death, desolation and suffering. The fire started at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Hundreds of persons have been injured, and thousands homeless and destitute have been forced to flee for their lives before the relentlessly onrushing flames which are sweeping onward, reaching out on either side in an ever widening line. The fire has burned over an area of 50 miles.

Reports of death, disaster and suffering are coming in from every quarter. Few of those who escaped with their lives saved any of their belongings, and the store of food in towns which thus far have escaped destruction must be conserved carefully to feed the hungry.

The railroad, the only means of communication left to the stricken country, now is seriously threatened. Many bridges already have been burned, and the movement of trains by which fire fighters, refugees and provisions are transported from one point to another, is being carried on with the greatest difficulty.

Summary of Loss.

Following is a summary of the loss of life and property in the fire:

Number of people killed, 170; number of people homeless, 6,000.

Total property loss estimated at $4,500,000. Property loss in Fernie, $2,000,000.

The origin was a bush fire in "slashings" of the Cedar Valley Lumber company across the river from Fernie. Practically every insurance company in Canada is interested, but no details are available today.

The following places have been destroyed:

Fernie, with a population of 5,000.

Coal Creek, with a population of 1,500.

Michel, with 1,560 inhabitants.

Hosmer, with 400 inhabitants.

Other Crow's Nest Pass towns.

Fatalities Growing.

The fatalities are growing hourly. In one case five families at Fernie were hemmed in and every soul perished. At least 70 lives were lost in Fernie.

The Crow's Nest Pass Coal company have $1,000,000 in property at Coal Creek, which is reported destroyed.

The disaster is unequaled in the history of western Canada. In that entire section of the country the railways and bridges are swept away.

The fire is still raging. Thousands of dollars have been sent by western Canadian cities this morning to the relief of the destitute. Medical supplies are greatly needed. Fernie, with its lumber mills and railway terminals, is wiped out. Seventy men in the camps of the Elk River company perished.

Frightful Night.

Saturday night was a frightful one of excitement, and many heartrending scenes were witnessed. It was spent in getting many of the women and children on the trains and starting them for Cranbrook. During the night the wind went down and Sunday morning many of the men and their stout-hearted wives came in from the hills to which they had fled, to view the smoking remains of their city. Many harrowing tales were told. One woman of West Fernie had just emerged from her home, which was on fire. She dropped dead of heart disease. The neighbors buried her in her garden and then ran for their lives.

Supplies Are Sent.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 3.—Loaded with provisions, clothing and bedding, a special car was attached to to-day's train over the Spokane International railroad for Fernie to aid the thousands made destitute by fire in the district. The work of securing and collecting a carload of supplies was completed in five hours by an impromptu relief party headed by Acting Mayor J. I. Phillips and President F. E. Goodell, of the Chamber of Commerce.

The car contained 1,500 loaves of bread, 50 barrels of flour, 1,000 tins of meats, 300 dozen eggs, besides other goods and bedding, clothing and 140 tents. A later train will carry 4,000 loaves of bread to the sufferers.

30 DEGREES BELOW ZERO

Low Temperature Recorded by a Sounder Balloon.

Readville, Mass., Aug. 3.—The Blue Hill observatory has received from Silvernails, N. Y., the "sounder" balloon which was sent up from Pittsfield, Mass., by H. H. Clayton, on Tuesday last, and while the records which were received intact have not been worked out in detail, it was stated today that the "sounder" reached a height of six miles and experienced a temperature of more than 30 degrees below zero.

SLAIN BY DEATH DEVICE

Virginian Dies, Due to Self-Working Gun.

Middlesboro, Ky., July 31.—The body of Millard Collins, of Kelley View, Va., who disappeared from home ten days ago, was found by his widow several miles from there yesterday, riddled with buckshot, and a coroner's jury returned a verdict that death was due to a mechanical discharge of a gun placed in a ginseng patch by the owner.

SULTAN IN WINDOW

Receives Deputation and Sends Salutations to the Army Corps.

Constantinople, Aug. 3.—A deputation of 300 men and a few officers of the Second army corps arrived here today from Adrianople to assure the sultan of their love and of the loyalty of the troops. Omer Ruchdi Pasha, the minister of war, and Shekir Pasha, chief of staff, met the soldiers and, headed by a band, the column marced to the Yildiz palace. After the soldiers had assembled in front of the palace the sultan appeared at a window and said:

"I am very pleased to have seen you all. I salute the soldiers, my children, and I order you to convey these salutations to your comrades in the army corps."

Following is the remodeled ministry: The Sheik-Ul-Islam, Jemalledin Effendi, retains office; Abdurralman Pasha, minister of justice in the late cabinet, is appointed a minister without portfolio: Kiamil Pasha remains as a minister without portfolio; Hassan Felmi Pasha, ex-director of customs is appointed minister of justice; Turhan Pasha, formerly Evkaf (minister of pious foundations, is appointed president of the council; Hadji Akif assumes the portfolio of minister of the interior; Naoum Pasha will be minister of public works; Zia Pasha, former minister of finance, assumes the office of commerce; Tewfik Pasha accepts the portfolio of minister of agriculture; Mehmed Ali Pasha will occupy the post of minister of pious foundations, and Rahgib Bey is the new minister of finance.

The portfolios of the foreign affairs, war, marine and instruction remain unchanged, being in charge respectively of Tewfik Pasha, Omer Ruchdi Pasha, Rami Pasha and Hashim Pasha.

TWENTY MEN ENTOMBED

Two Miners Taken Out—Efforts to Reach Others.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Aug. 3.—Twenty men were entombed today in the gangway at the Knickerbocker colliery by an explosion of gas.

Two, badly injured, have been taken from the mine, but the others are believed to be in the gangway, which is closed and filled with deadly afterdamp.

Scores of workmen are braving grave perils to reach the entombed men.

The mine is situated west of here and is operated by the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Co.

SHIP IS TURNED AWAY

Venezuela Now Refuses to Permit Mail to Be Landed.

Willemstadt, Aug. 3.—Holland has again been insulted by Venezuela and it is now considered almost certain that the Dutch government will be obliged to take warlike measures.

By his latest acts Castro has shut off all communication between Holland and her citizens residing in Venezuela. He will not even permit mail to be landed or any dealings between the Dutch and their accredited representative in Curacao.

The Dutch cruiser Gelderland has arrived from La Guaira. Her commander declares he sent a boat ashore with an officer and was refused all means of communication with the shore.

The authorities there, he says, declined to accept the letter bags and an official communication to the German minister, who is in charge of Dutch interests in Caracas.

He reports also that Venezuela is preparing her forts for a defense of the country.

TRAIN HITS AUTO, 1 DEAD

Man Drawn Under Motor and His Body Mangled.

New York, Aug. 3.—One man was instantly killed and five seriously injured, two of whom are likely to die, when an automobile was struck by a train on the Susquehanna river at a crossing in Bogota, N. J., late last night.

The killed: Donald Holmes, 28, a lawyer, of Paterson, N. J. The injured: Dr. James Curts, Paterson; condition critical. James Shaw, chauffeur; skull fractured, will probably die. W. H. Turner, William C. Paul and Harry Burnbach, all of Paterson, lacerations and bruises.

A long shed shuts off the view down the track at the crossing and the automobile was almost upon the ties before the train was seen. The engine struck the car, but did not hurl it from the track, as the train had slowed down to stop at the station a short distance beyond the crossing. Holmes was thrown beneath the car and his body badly mangled, as the engine pushed the automobile along the rails for some distance before the train was stopped.

GIRLS MIND IS BLANK

Clara Konter, Found at Home in Bed, Forgets the Past.

Pittsburg, Aug. 1.—Miss Clara Konter, 18, of Shousetown, who disappeared from her home last Monday and was not seen again until Wednesday morning, when her mother found her unconscious in bed at her home, suddenly revived shortly before noon today.

She failed to recognize her family and her mind is a blank regarding the past.

When she regained consciousness she arose and dressed. She was prevented from leaving the house, so seated herself in a rocking chair and read the Bible and other religious books.

To all appearances Miss Konter is in the best of health.

FREES 950 CRIMINALS

Reactionaries at Work on Organization of Black Band.

Constantinople, July 31.—The release of 950 ordinary criminals from the central prison on orders from the palace is regarded as showing that the ministry is not yet free from palace interference, and indicates that the reactionaries are at work on the organization of the "Black Hand," with a view to provoking disorders and casting the responsibility on the people, to the disparagement of the Constantinople regime.

A deputation of Young Turks and journalists waited on the grand vizier and protested against the release of the prisoners.

Said Pasha replied he would consider the matter. It is reported that Kiamil Pasha resigned in consequence of the action of the ministry, and it is believed that he will ultimately succeed Said Pasha as grand vizier.

The vali and military commander-in-chief of Adrianople have been dismissed by the Young Turks.

It is today reported the sultan is preparing to declare himself emperor of the Moslems, abrogating the title of Sultan.

New Ambassador Welcome.

The arrival today of the new British ambasador, Sir Girard Lowther, was utilized by the Young Turk committee to organize a big demonstration of welcome, and there were cheering and flag waving such as never hitherto had been seen here, in honor of the first ambassador under the new regime.

The reorganization of the ministry proceeds slowly. The Young Turks are still pressing their demands that two of their members shall be appointed ministers.

The removal of obnoxious palace officials continues. In addition to Zekki Pasha, grand master of the artillery, two others, Mehmed Cherkess and Kenan Pasha, were advised to quit the capital in order to avoid public vengeance, and they left today for Brussia, Asiatic Turkey.

Nazim Pasha has been confirmed as the new minister of police. General Riza Pasha, the artillerist, who played an important role in the Turko-Greek war, has been appointed grand master of ordnance in succession to Zekki Pasha, and Hakki Bey, legal adviser to the foreign office, has been given the portfolio of minister of education. These appointments are considered excellent, but the expected irades making the more important changes still hang fire.

Protest Sent to Rome.

The release of criminals from the prison in Stamboul today produced an exceedingly bad impression and disquietude.

The revolutionary committee has telegraphed a protest to Rome against the Italian embassy's aid to Selim Pasha in making his escape and demanding that Foreign Minister Tittoni shall recall the Italian ambassador.

KITES KEEP HAWKS AWAY FROM CHICKENS.

Montclair, N. J., July 30.—The science of aviation has been adopted by John Wolfe, a poultry man who has a farm at the top of Hook mountain, to protect his young chickens from the depredations of hawks. Wolfe keeps several large box kites flying above his henneries, and the hawks take no chances of an encounter with such uncanny-looking birds. Wolfe got the kite idea from his young nephew, who found the locality an ideal one for flying his new-fangled box kites, and Wolfe noticed that the hawks took to the woods while the kites were in the air.

NINE HALLS ALL IN ONE

Milwaukee Lays Cornerstone of Unique New Auditorium.

Building to Be One of Best for Convention Purposes in the World.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 1.—The laying of the cornerstone of Milwaukee's auditorium today was made the occasion of one of the greatest civic celebrations in the history of the city. The ceremonies were preceded by a parade of military and civic bodies under the supervision of General Louis Ayer.

The stone laying ceremonies included an invocation by Archbishop Messmer and an address by Mayor Rose.

The auditorium will be one of the best convention halls in the world. It possesses the unique feature of being readily usable either as a great assembly hall or of being segregated into convenient individual halls so that as many as nine separate and distinct affairs may held there simultaneously.

The cost of the auditorium is $500,000, and half of which amount was subscribed by 2,755 citizens who form the corporation known as the Milwaukee Auditorium company. The city furnished $250,000.

Galveston Plan Will Solve the Jewish Problem, Says Zangwill

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

London, Aug. 3.—Addressing a mass meeting of Jews in London, in celebration of the third anniversary of the foundation of the Jewish territorial organization, Israel Zangwill referred at length to the Galveston scheme of colonization, which, he said, still remained the only practical idea concretely applied to the Jewish problem.

Even during the worst of the recent financial crisis in the United States, the speaker said, the stream of Jewish emigration to Galveston never dried up, and as soon as the presidential election was over their emigration thither would again be in full swing. The only flaw in the situation for the Jews in the United States was poverty and congestion in the eastern towns.

FARMAN MAKES CYCLONE

Farman Starts Motor and Photographers Are Blown Over.

New York, Aug. 1.—Before an immense crowd Henry Farman today made his second public flight of a series of airship performances he is giving.

His performance yesterday was an unqualified success. Rising from the ground like a giant bird and darting through the air at express train speed, the aeroplane ascended from Brighton Beach. It rose from an especially prepared runway at the will of the inventor and after attaining a height of twenty-five feet flew straight ahead on a direct line, finally alighting with exquisite grace when the noted air pilot diminished the motor power.

Newspaper photographers crowded around the place to get pictures of the machine as it was about to make its flight, and it was at this moment that Farman decided to make another test of the motor before flying. He instructed his French mechanics in their native tongue to hold fast to the aeroplane while he turned on the power. Instantly the propeller began to revolve at the rate of 1,400 revolutions to the minute and a breeze equal to a small cyclone was created. The photographers were knocked flat and plastered to the ground until the power was turned off. So great was the violence of the breeze that several willow trees were bent double.

Farman laughingly said he guessed the machinery was working all right.

"Must," Says Baldwin.

Washington, Aug. 1.—"That machine has got to be a success, else I don't eat."

This is how Captain Baldwin speaks of the new military dirigible affair as yet unnamed, in which he is scheduled to mke an ascent Monday. Officers of the signal corps are eagerly awaiting the event, as its outcome will greatly affect the plans of General Allen for boosting the balloons-for-army plan.

GAS IN MINE EXPLODES

One Killed and Two Probably Fatally Hurt.

Scranton, Pa., Aug. 1.—An explosion of gas occurred in Bellevue colliery of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western company this afternoon, and although 20 men were caught in it, but one miner was killed, two were probably fatally injured and four others slightly hurt.

The man killed was Gottfried Ross. Those who may die are Benjamin Hughes and Arthur Jones, both of whom have large families. The four men slightly hurt are suffering from burns and bruises caused by flying debris.

SOLDIERS ORDERED OUT

To Enforce Sunday Liquor Laws in Missouri.

St. Louis, Aug. 3.—Following a declaration that he would send the national guard into St. Louis county to enforce the Sunday liquor laws and to preserve order, Governor Folk has issued orders to Brigadier General H. C. Clark commandant of the national guard of Missouri, to assemble in St. Louis county next Saturday and Sunday the entire membership of the First regiment and Battery A, the state's best military organizations.

KAISER VISITING GUSTAVE

Fleet of Swedish Warships Welcomes Emperor William.

Stockholm, Aug. 3.—Emperor William and his party arrived here today on board the imperial yacht Hohenzollern on a short visit to King Gustave. A fleet of Swedish warships met the imperial yacht at sea and later the king and queen of Sweden welcomed the imperial party aboard the Swedish royal yacht. A state dinner in the emperor's honor will be given tonight.

DOG BITES PRIMA DONNA

Miss Emilie Gardner in Critical Condition in Hospital.

New York, Aug. 3.—Miss Emilie Gardner, prima dona of the Aborn opera last year, is in the reception hospital at Coney Island today suffering from wounds inflicted by an angry bulldog which attacked her in her home in Coney Island last night. Her condition is critical.

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SWEEPS INLAND, KILLING

Lower Coast Storm Ties Up Four Lines of Railroad.

Crops in Large Areas of Lowlands Are Destroyed—River Traffic Halts.

Raleigh, N. C., Aug. 1.—Two children drowned, traffic tied up on at least four lines of railroad and most of the navigable rivers, crops badly damaged and, in large areas of lowlands destroyed, is a partial record of the effects in eastern North Carolina of the West Indian storm that raged on the Atlantic coast and then moved inland yesterday, accompanied by a rainfall that was a record breaker in some localities and amounted to 9.75 inches at Newbern.

Traffic is tied up on the Kinston Snow Hill railroad, the track being washed away for some distance. No trains from Wilmington or Goldsboro have been able to reach Newbern because of washouts on the Atlantic Coast Line tracks, a space of ten miles in one place being reported unsafe.

The bridge of the Norfolk & Southern between Morehead City and Beaufort, recently built at a cost of millions of dollars, is reported unsafe and no trains are crossing.

WILL SUPPORT LIBERALS

German-American Alliance to Enter Ohio Politics.

Columbus, O., Aug. 3.—Without a dissenting vote the Ohio branch of the National German-American Alliance in annual convention here Sunday, indorsed Judson Harmon for governor and the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor. One faction favored the indorsement of Harmon and the entire Democratic ticket, another pleaded for the support of only Harmon and the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, while another sought the indorsement of Harmon alone.

After a general discussion a compromise was effected, by which it was agreed to indorse Harmon and the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, but also to instruct the members of the alliance to work for liberal-minded men on both the Republican and Democratic tickets who were candidates for the state legislature.

By resolution all cities were urged to pass the Cleveland ordinance prohibiting the sale and explosion of fireworks; the work of the Liberal League was indorsed, and the Cincinnati branch of the alliance was again chosen to conduct the affairs of the organization for the coming year. This assures the election of John Schwab as president.

A constitutional amendment was urged to legalize the liquor traffic.

Cleveland was selected as the place for the next meeting.

HUGHES TO JAR TRACKS

Race Men Will Receive Their Worst Jolt Soon.

New York, Aug. 3.—The race track interests are about to experience the most severe shock in their history if the plans of Governor Hughes are carried out, according to information received in this city today.

Just what form the proposed action of the governor will take could not be learned, but it was said that "something which will shake Saratoga from end to end will take place within the next day or two."

TO SAVE VICTIMS

Farm Hand Begs Forgiveness of Victims—Ends Own Life.

Aurora, Ills., Aug. 1.—J. A. Morrell, a wealthy farmer living at Blackberry Center, a village fifteen miles from Aurora, was fatally shot early today and his housekeeper, Mrs. Mary Balcom, was murdered by John Anderson, who was employed on Morrell's farm. Anderson later committed suicide with a shot gun, blowing off the top of his head.

No cause is known for the attack on Morrell and the housekeeper, as Anderson is known to have been warmly attached to both of them. He had been drinking heavily for several weeks, and it is believed was demented.

From the brief story which Morrell has been able to tell, it is believed Anderson, after killing the housekeeper, awakened to a sense of what he had done, and endeavored to aid Morrell. The farmer says he remembers that some man tried to help him and that he heard a voice asking for forgiveness. It is also believed, from an examination of the body of the housekeeper, that Anderson attempted to help her, but realizing that the woman was dead, killed himself.

When Mrs. Lucinda Morrell, mother of Mr. Morrill, saw her son's unconscious form, she fainted and physicians who were called predicted that death from shock would precede that of her son.

OLD AGE PENSION BILL NOW A LAW.

London, Aug. 1.—A limited number of members of the house of commons and the house of lords met this morning to pass the appropriation bill and receive the royal assent to the acts passed since the opening of the present session in January. The most important of these measures are the old age pensions bill and the Irish universities bill. At the conclusion of these formalities parliament adjourned until October 12.

NOTED REFORMER IS DEAD

Josiah W. Leeds Passes Away at West Chester, Pa.

West Chester, Pa., Aug. 3.—Josiah W. Leeds, who had a national reputation for his work along reform lines, died at his residence here today. He was 75 years old. Twenty-five years ago as a result of a crusade he caused certain pieces of statuary in Philadelphia to be draped. His widow, Debora C. Leeds, is prominent for her work in behalf of national and state reformatory institutions.

CARS PULLED FROM FIRE

Train Saved in Nick of Time—Pier Burns.

Conflagration at Water's Edge Causes $400,000 Loss in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Aug. 1.—The Hamburg-American line pier of the International Mercantile Marine company was destroyed by a spectacular fire last night entailing a loss estimated at $400,000.

The fire is supposed to have been started by crossed electric wires. The German steamer Albano, from Hamburg, was anchored at the pier and had to be towed out into the river.

The cargo of the boat was on the wharf and was destroyed, together with great quantities of general merchandise, including 1,000 bales of burlap.

A train of freight cars was on the tracks of the long wharf shed and while the fire raged Ebbert Hamilton ran a locomotive out on the pier and pulled the train on the Delaware avenue tracks, where it was deluged by the firemen.

The burning bales of burlap sent up dense clouds of smoke and a number of firemen were overcome. One fireman fell overboard while fighting the blaze and was rescued with difficulty, and another was hit by a falling beam and so injured that he had to be taken to a hospital. The pier burned from end to end.

BOLIVAR IS DEAD.

Philadelphia, Aug. 1.—Bolivar, said to be the biggest elephant ever in captivity, died in his prison house at the zoological gardens here last night.

The big fellow had but one rival in captivity—Jumbo. The latter was taller, but Bolivar was much heavier, weighing six tons. For twenty years he had been confined in a small enclosure at the zoo. Bolivar is supposed to have been 57 or 58 years of age. He was purchased by Adam Forepaugh about 30 years ago.

SULTAN HITS SHAH HARD

Ruler of Persia Postpones Elections, Lest He Be Thought Imitating.

London, Aug. 1.—The Times' correspondent at Constantinople says he hears the sultan is greatly depressed by recent events and that the palace officials attribute the success of the revolution to the nervous breakdown of the sultan, whose mental condition has been affected by the malady he has suffered from for three years.

The Times' correspondent at Teheran says the news of the revival of the Turkish constitution has greatly disconcerted the reactionaries and encouraged the nationalists. The shah and his entourage are greatly disturbed, and the shah has determined to postpone the elections lest it be thought he is imitating the sultan.

To Hurry Constitution.

Constantinople, Aug. 1.—An official communication issued yesterday announces the formation of a special council to put the constitution in force immediately. The council is composed of Kiamil Pasha and the ministers of foreign affairs and interior, the president of the state council and the legal adviser to the porte.

The sultan has decided to issue a rescript consecrating the constitution.

The leaders of the Young Turks are working methodically to insure the success of the new regime. They are devoting their efforts in the first place to getting the finances of the country in order and to the regular payment of officials.

Doing Away With Graft.

With this as the their aim they have secured the grand vizier's promise that the salaries of high officials will be reduced to proper amounts and that none of the additional sums which are to be paid will be allowed them. Nobody will be permitted to retain two offices and all needless undersecretaryships and like offices will be abolished.

TOWN NEARLY DESTBOYED

One Hundred Kegs of Powder Let Go.

Huntington, W. Va., July 31.—At the mining town of Stafford, Raleigh county, last night, one hundred kegs of powder, in a powder house, exploded.

Nearly every building in the town was completey wrecked and several persons seriously hurt, the worst injured being Postmaster Frank Monroe. Several persons were blown out of their houses, but not seriously hurt.

The cause of the explosion is unknown. The damage aggregates $200,000.

CHURCH IS CENTURY OLD.

Burton Congregationalists Preparing to Celebrate.

Burton, O., Aug. 3.—Burton Congregational church will celebrate its one hundredth anniversary August 22. Old members of the congregation will come back to the village, to take part in the ceremonies, which will last for three days. Many speakers from distant towns will come to participate in the birthday celebration.

For one hundred years the Burton Congregational church has been in continuous existence. Forty years ago the present church building was erected, and this building is now being repaired in honor of the celebration. On August 21 there will be a program of speakers at the church. Judge Edward A. Bushnell, of Cleveland, will head the list of speakers. Rev. Dr. Carroll, of Pittsburg, once a pastor of the Hough Avenue Congregational church, of Cleveland, and Rev. Dr. Mead, of Mt. Vernon, O., will speak also. A history of the church will be read.

Saturday, August 22, the real anniversary, will be celebrated by a reception in the evening. On Sunday there will be a special communion service in the morning and a union service in the afternoon. The present pastor of the Burton Congregational church is Rev. Calvin Treat.

THE BUSH FIRE AREA

Thugs Make Trouble in Flame-Swept Portion of Elk River Valley.

Cranbrook, B. C., Aug. 4.—That thugs in the area devastated by the great bush fires in the Elk river valley are making trouble is indicated in a message received here. The latest request from Fernie, the town that suffered the most in the fire, is for all the guns and leg irons that could be secured.

Provincial officers have taken charge and a special has left Cranbrook with all the arms and shackles that could be found in the town.

The police will investigate the report that friends of five alleged Black Hand suspects lodged in the Fernie jail started the fires in the bush.

When darkness fell over the ashes of Fernie last night, the bodies of fifteen forest fire victims had been found.

Big Death List.

It is believed the death list in Fernie and vicinity will reach 150. The Ford family of four perished in a well, where they had sought safety. The fire burned the wooden curbing and the family suffocated.

The exact number of fatalities may never be known, and there seems no way in the meantime of procuring an accurate list. Reports are conflicting.

Reports received at Michael place the number of dead at Fernie at 102, with 64 others in a logging camp at Elk river. An unofficial statement, said to have come from Fernie, places the official list of dead at Fernie and surrounding camps at 173, with the property loss at $8,000,000.

Supplies of food and clothing are being rushed to the stricken from Vancouver, Nelson, Cranbrook and Michael. The fires near Hosmer, Michael and Cranbrook, which threatened each of these towns, have apparently been checked.

Thomas Biggs, secretary of the Fernie Miners' union, last night wired to this city that he believed 170 persons had been burned to death. Yesterday the Associated Press correspondent at Nelson, after interviewing many refugees from the burned city wired that the deaths would not exceed a score.

Another Fire at Michael.

Another fire also occurred at Michael yesterday, though today the news was that the place was out of danger. The women and children have all been removed from Michael east to Frank or Blairmore. A number of buildings were burned today in Michael.

Relief from Spokane was the first to reach the fire region of Fernie. More than 2,000 persons are cared for at Cranbrook and the first car sent out by Spokane citizens arrived here yesterday. A special car loaded with tents, clothing, three thousand loaves of bread, 150 gallons of milk, and other food stuffs, left Spokane yesterday afternoon.

MANY DEAD IN A QUAKE

Violent Earth Shocks Felt at Constantine, Algeria.

Constantinople, Algeria, Aug. 4.—A violent earthquake was experienced here at 2:20 this morning. It lasted ten seconds and did great damage.

No people were killed here, but it is reported that a number of lives were lost in the nearby towns. The population, especially the Arabs, were thrown into a state of panic.

HUNDRED DEAD IN FLOOD

Heavy Loss of Life Caused by Terrific Thunder and Rain Storms.

Vienna, July 31.—A series of terrific thunder and rain storms have caused destruction and heavy loss of life in the Austrian Tyrol.

The Bukowina and the Ziller valley suffered especially. Reports coming in here indicate that the loss of life have been heavy. Corpses are floating down the swollen streams, and houses and stock have been washed away.

The death roll in Bukowina is said to be 50, while in the Ziller valley upwards of twenty persons have lost their lives.

The village of Mehrn, near Brixlegg, has been overwhelmed by a landslide and sixteen persons are reported to have been killed.

TWENTY-ONE TO DIE.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 1.—Twenty-one death sentences were pronounced in Russia yesterday, sixteen of which were on persons who were connected with Simferopol jail delivery last May.

ZEPPELIN OVER RHINE

Count Rises 400 Feet; Airship Was Well Under Control.

Constance, Germany, Aug. 4.—Count Zeppelin ascended at 6:30 a. m. today in his great airship, which immediately arose 400 feet over the waters of the lake.

At 8 the airship passed over Schaffhausen, Switzerland, headed toward Basle.

At 10:15 the machine passed over Muelhausen, going down the Rhine in the direction of Mayence. Passing over Basle the count dropped a card which read: "All's Well."

Major Gradnitz, representing the German army, is a passenger on the car.

Count Zeppelin's plan is to continue to Mayence along the Rhine and from there return to Metz, cross over to Stuttgart and return, if the weather continues favorable, to Friedrichshafen at about 7 a. m. tomorrow.

Not the slightest cloud marred the beauty of the day. The surface of the lake was like a mirror, and the distant Alpine giants stood out strong and mighty in the clear atmosphere.

The airship was sighted from Strassburg 114 going forty miles an hour. It circled the great church tower, moving slowly, at an elevation a little above the tower and then laid its course straight down the Rhine. A card fluttered down before the ship got away. Upon it was written: "Out of the heights above Strassburg. We are having a splendid excursion. We are laying our course to Mannheim.—Zeppelin."

The machine was sighted from Mayence, 261 miles from the starting place, at 3:30 p. m.

TAFT TO PHONOGRAPH

Consents to Can Campaign Speeches to Be Reproduced from Records.

Hot Spring, Va., Aug. 4.—Nominee Taft has consented to make several short speeches into talking machines for reproduction. As the process of making a phonograph record is somewhat different from making a campaign speech from the back of a car platform and from a front porch, Mr. Taft found Mrs. Taft laughing at him as he was doing a bit of rehearsing for the real records. Several experimental talks were made and reproduced with varying degrees of satisfaction.

The speeches which a single record will hold average about 300 words. The topics to be discussed have not as yet been decided on. As a sample of what the machine can do, the nominee was treated to the reproduction of a record made by W. J. Bryan.

DEMS ARE IN CONFERENCE

Plan of Campaign in New York Is Outlined.

New York, Aug. 3.—An important conference to outline a plan of campaign in New York state was held this morning by Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic committee, with Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, and W. J. Conners, chairman of the state Democratic committee. The conference continued for some time, and it was said that the part the national committee will play in the campaign in this state was determined.

Chairman Mack will leave for Chicago tonight and will remain there for two weeks. On his arrival in that city he will announce the make-up of the subcommittee which will have control of the campaign east of the Alleghanies.

CROWD LAUGHS, 2 DROWN

Spectators Believed Dying Men to Be Joking.

St. Louis, Aug. 3.—While other swimmers and scores of spectators on the bank, including women and children thought they were joking and jeering at them, two men, believed to be W. P. Jaraszawitz and W. J. Prusiele, of Chicago, were drowned this afternoon in the Meramec river.

Cries of distress and frantic signals were taken by the onlookers as part of a joke and the crowd laughed while the men drowned struggling desparately.

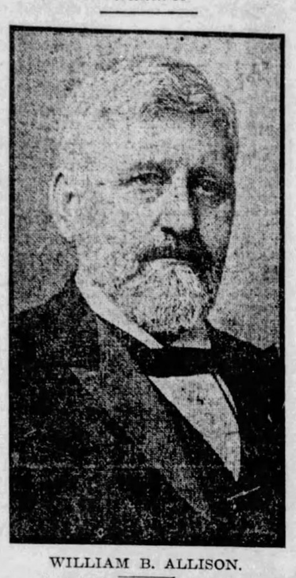
THREE DIE IN EXPLOSION

Fire Explodes Ammunition—Nearly Score Injured.

Peking, Aug. 3.—Fire in the German guard section of legation quarter of the city at half past ten o'clock last night burned the stables and mess room and exploded a quartity of ammunition. Two German and one French soldiers were killed, and eight German and five French soldiers were severely and soldiers and civilians slightly wounded.

W. B. ALLISON IS DEAD

Iowa's Venerable Senator Suddenly Succumbs to Heart Failure.



WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

Dubuque, Iowa, Aug 4.—United States Senator W. B. Allison died of heart failure at 1:45 this afternoon.

He was the oldest United States senator.

Mr. Allison was recently re-chosen by the Iowa Republican primaries over Gov. Cummins.

NEW LAPORTE MYSTERY

Body of Man Shot Through Head Is Found.

Clothing Purchased at Grand Rapids—Body Is Badly Decomposed.

Laporte, Ind., Aug. 4.—Laporte has another murder mystery for solution. The discovery in a half dug grave, covered over with fence rails, branches of trees and other debris, on the farm of Dr. Bowell, near Rolling Prairie, of the badly decomposed body of a well dressed man about forty years old, has aroused Laporte county officers in an effort to discover the identity of the body and whether the man was murdered.

Coroner Mack last night, after carefully examining the body, declared the man had been shot through the head.

The clothing, which was almost new, was purchased in Grand Rapids, Mich. The only thing found in the clothing was a copy of a Minneapolis farm paper. The hat was a Panama hat and patent leather shoes. Identification through recognition of the features of the face will be almost an impossibility.

AUTO TRUST BEING MADE

Will Have $25,000,000 Capital and Morgan Interests Are Included.

New York, July 31.—The first big combination in the automobile world is now in the making, the plans calling for a company to be known as the International Motor company, with $25,000,000 capital, $11,000,000 common and $14,000,000 preferred stock. Among the underwriters of $900,000 of the preferred stock which will be first put out are several members of the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., although the house itself does not figure in the transaction, If the negotiations are successful, the company will be ready for incorporation September 1.

According to the present plans, the first two companies to combine will be the Maxwell-Briscoe Motor company, of Tarrytown, and the Buick Motor company, of Jackson, Mich. About half a dozen other plants will be brought into the organization with these two companies, and options have been obtained on other properties, including a number which will furnish raw materials so that, when complete, the concern will be a big affair.

Among those interested in the formation of the company, the attorneys for which are Ward, Hayden & Saterlee, Satterlee being a son-in-law of J. P. Morgan, are W. P. Hamilton, who is also a son-in-law of Morgan, and W. P. Horn, of Morgan & Co. Otto J. Merkle, 46 Wall street, is also identified with the movement, and working with him are several officers of the Maxwell-Briscoe company. Horn is a director of this company.

The plans call for an immense output of automobiles upon the completion of the merger, is being estimated that 13,000 cars, including those already finished, can be built during the present year, and that this number can be increased to 15,000 next year.

BLAME SHAH FOR MURDER

Yid Muhammid Slain, Supposedly by Ruler's Agents.

Teheran, July 30.—Say Yid Muhammid, Nationalist leader and foremost orator in the recent parliament, called the "Persian Mirabeau," has been assassinated at Hammadan, 165 miles from Teheran.

Muhammid went to Hammadan, after leaving the British legation, where he had taken refuge. Prior to this he was among those captured by the Cossacks after the fight which raged around the parliament buildings in Teheran during the latter part of June.

It is supposed that the deed was committed by agents of the shah.

PLACES IT ON DIRECTORS

Judge Locates Responsibility for Losses by Loans.

Boston, July 31.—The liability of bank directors for losses incurred in loaning to firms insolvent when the loan is made and for loans made by them beyond the statutory limit, and for other losses due to their carelessness is recognized by Judge Lowell, of the United States court of appeals, in an opinion given in admitting to court the bill of Receiver Frank D. Allen of the defunct Central National bank, against the directors.

The defendants, among whom is Otis H. Luke, of Brookline, ex-president of the bank, must answer the various allegations in the bill before Aug. 27. In addition to the general charges of mismanagement ex-President Luke is charged with receiving bonuses for loans made from the bank's money.

CASTRO'S WARLIKE MOVE

Washington Officials Believe Holland Will Punish Him for Latest Insult.

Washington, Aug. 1.—It is the opinion of all officials that Castro, the boss of Venezuela, has made another long jump toward the end of his rope.

His action in turning away all the consuls of Holland in Venezuela is one of the most insulting performances of his career. In his numerous imbroglios with European governments he has never before gone so far.

This step of Castro's is almost an act of war. If any first-class power took such a step toward another it would undoubtedly be considered equivalent to a declaration of war.

Saucy as Usual.

In withdrawing the exequaturs of the consuls Castro assumed his usual air of impudence. His orders were transmitted by Foreign Minister Paul, who wrote:

"In view of the gravity of events Venezuela is forced to advise Holland that it cannot continue friendly relations until Holland gives satisfaction for the injuries and insults put upon Venezuela. These injuries and insults are the offense of Minister De Reus, the fact that the Netherlands cruiser Golderland failed to salute the Venezuelan flag and the attack on the Venezulean consul at Willemstad, Curacao, the violation of the consulate and the desecration of the consulate shield."

When a nation's official representatives are ordered out of a country in such times as these it is natural for offense to be taken, and Washington would not be surprised to hear at any moment that Holland was to display her ill feeling.

There is no question but Holland is amply able to give Castro and his people the lesson they need. With an army of 32,000 at home, 36,000 in the East Indies and a navy of a dozen or more serviceable warships, she could thrash Venezuela without half trying.

Would Tickle U. S.

It would tickle the government here to have Holland do the trick. It would put an end to the annoying conditions in Venezuela and spare the United States the trouble of going down there, as she will have to eventually, if things go on as they have recently.

As diplomats look at the situation, it would not be at all surprising if Holland soon declared a state of war to exist and sent over a fleet, together with several transports filled with troops.

WEEP AT CELEBRATION

"God Save Poland" Draws Forth Tears at Consecration.

Chicago, July 30.—Celebrating the consecration of Rev. Paul Peter Rhode as auxiliary bishop of Chicago, the first Polish-American elevated to the episcopacy of the Roman Catholic church, there was last night a parade of 20,000 men in uniform, the blare of bands, the thrill of fireworks, the glare of light, the gayety of flags and bunting and gala attire, the pealing of church bells, the joy of feasting, the excitement of oratory and bursts of songs, when nearly 200,000 men, women and children reveled in one of the most remarkable festivals Chicago has ever seen. Practically every one of the thousands of Chicago people of Polish descent was actively, vociferously, hilariously celebrating through the streets.

Uniformed societies from every one of the thirty-two Polish parishes in the city formed a monster parade and escorted from one to another of the four churches of the principal Polish district the cause of the demonstration, Bishop Rhode.

A dramatic incident which marked his consecration was eagerly discussed last night by the celebrators. When the clergy at the cathedral formed in an impressive procession, rich with the color of the vestments, crucifixes and croziers, to leave the church, the choir through with the sacred ritual of the consecration, swung enthusiastically yet prayerfully into the strains of "God Save Poland," the national hymn of the Polish people.

Every Polish speaking person in the cathedral, men and women, priests and nuns, and, above all, the bishop-elect, took up the plaintive measures of the song.

And, as its sad significance touched them more deeply as they thought of their countrymen lying in the prisons of Russia, Prussia and Austria for having dared to intercede musically with the Deity for their beloved country, scores gave way to their emotion and wept.

MAN COMMITS HARI KAR

Dan Lamasney Ends Life by Knife Thrust.

Burlington, Ia., Aug. 1.—Search for Dan Lamasney, of the well-known Kansas City race horse firm of Lamasney Brothers, who had disappeared while visiting his wife's brother here, developed the fact last night that he had committed hari kari.

Lamasney's body was found in a secluded hollow, the abdomen ripped open by a penknife, which was still clutched in the dead man's fingers. It is believed that Lamasney was made delirious by the heat. His watch and money were found intact.

Lamasney was an old-time horseman and well known throughout this section of the country. For a number of years he, with his brother, who lives at Olathe, Kas., was interested in running horses, but of recent years he had been a trader of buggy horses. His friends here can ascribe no cause for Lamasney having taken his life.

TAKE LAW IN OWN HANDS

New Yorkers Plan Vigilance Committee.

"Millionaire Colonies" Aroused by Great Number of Fires That Were "Set."

New York, July 30.—So many fires, clearly of incendiary origin, have occurred within the last two weeks up to and in cluding today, in what are known as the "millionaire colonies" of Great Neck, Manhassett, Port Washington and other towns in the North Hempstead district of Long Island, that radical measures have been determined upon, and there is talk of the formation of a vigilance committee to run down and inflict summary punishment upon the offenders.

Among some of the elaborate and costly estates in the section affected are those of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., at Great Neck; Clarence R. Mackay, at Roslyn; Bourke Cockran and Howard Gould, at Port Washington, and Martinhall, the beautiful residence of Mrs. Sattewhite, who, until her marriage a few days ago, was Mrs. James E. Martin.

4 HANGED ON SAME TREE

Bodies of Negroes Are Found Dangling in Air Near Russelville, Ky.

Russellville, Ky., Aug. 1.—Four negroes, Virgil, Tom and Robert Jones and Joe Riley, were taken from jail here early today and hanged to a tree on the edge of town.

No shots were fired by the mob, which was composed of about fifty men, and the people of the town knew nothing of the affair until daylight revealed the four bodies dangling from a tree just outside Russellville on the Nashville pike. The following note was found pinned on one of the bodies:

"Let this be a warning to let white people alone or you will go the same way. Hugh Rogers better shut up or quit."

The negroes who were lynched were members of a lodge, and at a meeting recently, it is said, they approved of the murder of James Cunningham, a white farmer, by his negro tenant, Rufus Browder.

This murder occurred in the southern part of Logan county, and it is supposed here that the mob was made up of men from that part of the county.

The mob came into town so quietly that not one of the residents of the city was roused from slumber. Proceeding to the county jail, the mob called Jailer Butts to the door of his residence, directly connected with the prison. When he made his appearance he found himself covered by rifles and shotguns, and was given the command to turn over the keys of the jail or be shot down. After a short parley with the members of the mob in which he tried to persuade them to go away without doing any violence, he was finally forced to hand over the keys. The mob then entered the jail and, finding the four negroes, forced them to go with them. Two of the men, not being given time to dress, were taken along in their night shirts, and the whole party proceeded at once to the tree on the outskirts of the city on the Nashville Pike, where the negroes were strung up in a row.

The negroes had been in jail for several days, and while there had been considerable unrest since the attempt on the part of the mob to take Broader, the slayer of Cunningham, from the jail some nights ago, no real trouble was anticipated and there was no guard around the prison. The effort to get Broader failed, because he was spirited out of jail by the sheriff and sent to Bowling Green and later to Louisville, where he is now confined, awaiting trial.

SAILS THE AIR WITH EASE

Aeronaut Farman Makes Machine Act Like Trained Bird.

New York, Aug. 3.—Henry Farman, who came from Paris to give a series of aeroplane exhibitions under the management of an American syndicate, made his first public flight in this country at the Brighton Beach race track last night. The exhibition was a success to the extent that it demonstrated the inventor's ability to fly under favorable atmospheric conditions, and entertained some 2,000 enthusiastic spectators. Farman traveled from the eastern corner of the race track enclosure to the opposite corner at the lower turn, nearly a third of a mile in thirty seconds and did not appear to be hurrying. In rising, flying and alighting, the frail looking air craft displayed a bird-like grace and assurance that would have delighted the soul of Darius Green, of flying machine fame.

MORE LEADERS ARRESTED

France Further Combats the Labor Federation.

Paris, Aug. 1.—The determination of the government to crusr what it terms the insurrectionary movement which broke out at Vigneux last Thursday and which continues actively in the form of preparations for new demonstrations was evidenced today, when the police visited the offices of the General Federation of Labor and took into custody leaders of the revolutionary labor party, on charge of inciting to disorder and rebellion.

A call for a new strike on Monday issued by the federation last night urges the co-operation of all affiliated trades in order to make the demonstration decisive.

OPENS EASTERN QUARTERS

Hitchcock Starts Office Work in New York City.

New York, Aug. 1.—Eastern headquarters of the Republican national committee in the Metropolitan Life building tower were opened at noon today by Frank H. Hitchcock, manager for Taft and Sherman. Mr. Hitchcock continued to hold his political conferences at the Manhattan hotel, however, as the office rooms will not be fully equipped before next week. Governor Frank S. Streeter, ex-member of the national committee from New Hampshire, E. C. Buncan, the member from North Carolina, and Sidney Rieber, the member from the District of Columbia, conferred with the national chairman.

It was announced today that an organizatioin would be effected in every one of the southern states, and although no predictions were made that the Republicans would capture the electoral votes of any of those states it was said that inroads would be made in the Democratic representation in the house from the south.

CANDIDATE'S DAY OF REST

Taft Lets Horse Rest and Plays Golf.

Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 1.—Another day of recreation and rest was the plan of Candidate Taft today. There are no political leaders here and none is expected for some days.

"I rode sixteen miles yesterday afternoon," said Mr. Taft this morning. "I think my horse would prefer to rest today, and I am not sure but I prefer to have him rest."

Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, was again Mr. Taft's partner in the morning golf game.

FIND SHORTAGE OF $25,000

Jacob W. McClure Is Being Sought by St. Louis Police

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 1.—Jacob Wesley McClure, aged 49 years, formerly manager of a local branch of the Singer Sewing Machine company, is being sought by the police on a warrant charging McClure with forgery, following an examination of the company's books, which is said to have revealed a shortage of $25,000. Circulars describing McClure were sent out by Chief Creecy today to all the larger cities in the country.

The date of McClure's disappearance is not known to the police, but it is thought that he left St. Louis a month ago.

TROOP SHIP ASHORE.

London, Aug. 3.—The Lloyds agent at Corfur reports that the Turkish troop ship Aleppo is ashore on the Serpa Rocks. The position of the vessel is bad.

4 KILLED AT LYNCHINGS

Officers and Mob Engage in Fatal Battle at Pensacola, Fla., Jail.

Pensacola, Fla., July 30.—Two men dead and a score wounded, some probably fatally, is the record of an attempt last night by a mob to storm the county jail and take out the negro Leander Shaw, who yesterday assaulted Mrs. Lillian Davis near here. The mob numbered probably a thousand persons.

The negro was carried to a public square, stripped of clothing, hanged and then riddled by a thousand shots.

The sheriff, with half a dozen deputies, stood in windows upstairs with drawn revolvers and riot rifles. The sheriff pleaded with the mob, at the same time telling them he would defend the prisoner at the cost of every life present. His words had no effect and the moment the first blow was struck on the gate a volley of shots flashed from the upper windows of the jail. This was answered by the crowd, which poured volley after volley into the jail windows, wounding two deputies. The mob was momentarily driven back, with many wounded, and one dead as a result of the deadly aim of the sheriff and his deputies. At midnight the mob which, in the meantime, had been reinforced by residents of the surrounding country, made another attack on the jail.

The sheriff and officers were overpowered by men who had crept over the rear wall and covered them with rifles and revolvers. Others broke down the cell door and took Shaw out.

In the last attack on the jail H. C. Kellum, a street car conductor, was killed, while two deputies and four or five of the mob were wounded. This morning everything is quiet.

Lynching in Georgia.

Lyons, Ga., July 30.—Alonzo Williams, a negro, who is alleged to have assaulted Miss Clare Bowen last Friday near Ohoopee, was early yesterday taken by storm from the Toms county jail by a mob, carried to a woods nearby, hanged and riddled with bullets.

THE WHEELING DEAL

Harriman Says a Plan Was Evolved to Save a Bad Financial Situation.

Chicago, Aug. 3.—"There is to be no abandonment of railroads, nor is there to be any combination of railroads over night. What has been done has been undertaken with the purpose of saving a bad financial situation."

Edward H. Harriman said this last night while discussing the deal whereby a syndicate of bankers recently took up $8,000,000 in short-term notes of the Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad.

The interview took place at Evanston, a suburb, whither his private car had been switched to avoid publicity. Instead of entering Chicago, the car was transferred on the southern outskirts of the city to the tracks of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad and by that management sent to Evanston. Railroad employes were bound to secrecy, but one of them told of the presence of Mr. Harriman and, after he had been discovered, he consented to discuss recent developments in the railroad world.

Mr. Harriman was asked why the transcontinental roads had decided to go out of the oriental trade.

"The oriental business is largely sentimental," he replied. The hope of building up a large Asiatic trade through the Pacific ports of the United States has been largely a dream, and has turned out to be, to a great extent, a fake. It was not my dream, for I have been familiar with conditions in this regard from the first. The interstate commerce commission has ruled that the roads must do certain things in connection with that trade, such as publishing the inland proportions of their export rates and their dealings with tramp steamers. We believe that there is not enough of the business to warrant our taking any chances of injury to our inland or domestic business."

"What will be done with your ships that have been engaged in the oriental trade?"

"Well, we have been carrying mostly air in those boats, and I suppose that we can continue to do so. The Japanese would like to control the Pacific trade, and eventually they may."

Mr. Harriman declined to discuss politics.

Turning to business conditions, Mr. Harriman predicted an improvement. "The outcome depends largely upon what the farmers are producing," he said. "Financially, the agricultural interests are in excellent condition." The labor market is also favorable for them, and they ought to produce great results."

CONVICT CANDIDATE QUITS

Engineer Now Heads the Socialist Labor Ticket.

New York, Aug. 1.—Members of the Socialist Labor party learned from the headquarters of the national executive committee yesterday that Martin R. Preston, now serving a sentence in Nevada for murder, who was nominated as their candidate for president, had definitely refused to accept.

A council was hastily called, and August Gillhaus, an engineer of this city, was nominated for president as a "proxy" for Preston. Gillhaus has agreed to let Preston select the cabinet if he is elected.

NAME PRESS BUREAU HEAD

Richard V. Oulahan in Charge of Republican Literature.

New York, Aug. 3.—Richard V. Oulahan, for many years the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun, will have general charge of all the literary work for the Republican national committee. This appointment was announced yesterday by Frank H. Hitchcock, the national chairman. Mr. Oulahan arrived in New York late last night and began his duties today.

Under the arrangements made for the consolidation of the press bureaus of the national committee and the congressional committee, the preparation and distribution of all the Republican literary work will be directed by Mr. Oulahan, who will be assisted by Francis Curtis, of Springfield, Mass., whose selection as editor was announced two weeks ago.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Aug. 1.—Bradstreet's says. Trade, crop and industrial reports show little change from last week, but general tendencies and certainly sentiment are in the direction of moderate improvement. Preparations for the opening of fall jobbing trade in the first week of August are making at all cities, buyers are gathering in large numbers, and a full representation, with increased buying, is looked for. At a few cities July trade has not been up to expectations, but at New York, where a moderate increase in activity is noted, there has been a disposition to await forthcoming large auction sales of cotton and woolen goods as offering a line on future demand. Best reports of fall trade come from the central west, northwest and the south. Everywhere, however, the testimony is that buying is of a conservative character. In industry there are evidences of expansion in some lines and of contraction in others. Factories generally are running simply "on orders." In iron and steel orders and production of finished lines are larger, but pig iron is easier. Lumber trade reports are a trifle better, notably in the Pacific northwest and building trade reports are more hopeful. The leather trade as a whole sends one of the best reports, but while western shoe men report good orders ahead eastern shipments are 32 per cent behind last year. Prices are irregular.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended July 30 number 275 against 263 last week, 142 in the like week of 1907, 150 in 1906, 178 in 1905 and 179 in 1904.

Canadian failures for the same period were 32 as against 24 last week and 16 in this week last year.

TIGHTENS LID ON WHISKY.

Georgia Court Decides Soliciting by Mail Is Crime.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 1.—Judge Richard B. Russell in the Georgia court of appeals with the concurrence of the entire court, has rendered an opinion that the solicitation of orders by mail in another state for whisky or other intoxicating beverages, in the state of Georgia as well as in the state by any individual or corporation, is a violation of the laws of Georgia and any person making such solicitation is guilty of a crime against the state.

GOVERNOR IN SANITARIUM.

Little, of Arkansas, Suffers Nervous Breakdown.

St. Joseph, Mo., July 31.—Governor John S. Little, of Arkansas, has been placed in a sanitarium here. He has been suffering from a nervous breakdown almost ever since his election which has developed acute melancholia.

THE MARKETS

Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Aug. 4.—As the result of selling by commission and country houses, wheat opened lower this morning. As the initial hour progressed, prices continued to sag. Although no rain fell in the northwest, predictions of cool weather brought out quite a lot of wheat. Liverpool was quoted considerably higher than the previous close. The Weekly Weather Bulletin of Iowa, is bullish on wheat, corn and oats. Receipts were rather heavy, 81 cars coming in. There was a pronounced lull in local trading compared with the excited session of Monday. Cash opened ½c lower at 94¼c; September ¾c down at 95¼c; December ⅞c off at 97½c, and May ⅞c lower at $1.00⅛. With the exception of September, which declined to 94⅞c, the options were steady during the initial half hour after the call.

Late in the day conditions as far as the northwest were concerned, were about unchanged. Kansas City reported a good export demand via the Gulf. At the close cash wheat was¼c off at 94½c; September ½c lower at 95c; December ½c down at 97⅜c, and May ¾c off at $1.01. Liverpool closed 1⅝d up in September.

Corn was lower, with the exception of September, which opened ½c higher at 82c. Predictions of slightly cooler weather and the relief of drought in a part of the growing areas was bearish. Liverpool showed a strong tone. December opened ¾c off at 65c, and May ⅞c down at the same figure.

At 11 a. m. Logan was a good buyer of December. Corn closes were: Cash, 81c; September, 81c; May, 64½c; December, 64c. Liverpool closed unchanged from July 31.

But little new developed in oats. Unchanged at 46¼c, September dropped to 46c in the first hour. December and May were unchanged at 47c and 48¼c respectively.

As the morning developed Logan and Bryan took September. Final oats prices were: Cash 49c; September, 46c; December, 46¾c; May, 48¼c.

All clover seed options were 10c higher. After the initial quotations were posted, there were no trades for a half hour or more. October was quoted at $8.85; December at $8.70, and March at $8.77½.

October clover seed closed 20 up at $8.90; December, 15c up at $8.75, and March 5c up at $8.82½.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Aug. 4.	Aug. 3.
Cash	94¼	....	....	94½	95¼
Sept.	95¼	....	94⅝	95	95½
Dec.	97½	....	97	97⅜	97⅞
May	1.00⅝	1.01⅛	1.00⅛	1.01	1.01⅜
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	81	81½
Sept.	82	....	80½	81	81½
Dec.	65	....	....	64½	65¾
May	65	....	....	64	65⅞
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	49	49
Sept	46¼	....	45¾	46	46¼
Dec	47	....	....	46¾	47
May	48½	....	48	48¼	48½
Clover Seed—					
Oct	8.85	....	....	8.90	8.75
Dec	8.70	....	....	8.75	8.66
March	8.77½	....	....	8.82½	8.67½
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	77	78
No. 2	....	....	....	76	77
No. 3	....	....	....	73	74
Alsike—					
Cash	....	....	....	9.65	....
Aug.	....	....	....	9.65	....
Oct.	....	....	....	9.45	....

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	94	94¼	93½	93⅝	94⅝
Dec. (new)	96	96⅜	95⅜	95⅞	96⅜
Dec. (old)	96¼	96⅜	95⅝	95⅞	96⅞
May	1.00¼	1.00½	99⅝	1.00⅛	1.01⅛
Aug.	92⅜	93	....	....	....
Corn—					
Sept.	76	76¼	75	75⅜	76¼
Dec.	64¾	64⅞	63⅞	64⅛	65¼
May	64⅜	....	63⅜	63⅝	65⅛
Oats—					
Sept.	45⅜	45⅞	44⅞	45⅜	45⅝
Dec.	46¼	46⅜	45½	45⅞	46
May	47⅝	48¼	47½	47⅞	48

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	1.02⅝	....	1.01⅜	1.02	1.02⅝
Dec.	1.04⅝	....	....	1.04	1.04⅜
Corn—					
Sept.	83½	....	82¾	83	83½
Dec.	74½	....	J..	73¾	74⅜

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	92¼	92½	92	92½	92¾
Dec.	94¾	....	94¼	94½	95¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept	15.75	15.80	....	15.60	15.97
Oct	15.85	15.92	15.77	15.80	....
Jan	16.70	....	....	16.37	16.78
Lard—					
Sept	9.62	....	....	9.50	9.62
Oct	9.65	9.67	....	9.57	9.70
Jan	9.46	....	9.32	9.35	9.45
Ribs—					
Sept	9.02	....	....	8.87	....
Oct	9.10	....	....	8.95	9.15
Jan	8.60	....	....	8.42	8.60

Money and Stocks.

New York Aug. 4.—(Wall Street)—First prices of stocks were lower than last night for the most prominent issues, but there were gains amongst some of the less important stocks. Business was in only moderate volume.

Indications of a good absorption of the United States Steel and Hill stocks caused the traders to purchase other stocks, although the rise was very uneven.

The demand shifted to the new quarters, including the high-priced dividend paying railroad stocks. Absorption of the United States Steel stocks continued on a large scale, the preferred touching 111⅛. A few of the prominent trading stocks still lagged, notably Amalgamated Copper. Reading rose 1⅜ and Union Pacific touched 166. Advances of a point were numerous in active stocks. Bonds were firm.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Aug. 4.—The hog market lacked life today. Receipts were light, but with the sharp decline at eastern markets shippers were not interested to any great extent and packers appeared rather slow in making purchases. The quality of the hogs offered averaged better than yesterday, and sold at Monday's quotations for mixed weights, but with the improvement in quality salesmen called the market 5c to 10c lower. Everything offered sold in good season, and the close was about steady.

Receipts of two cars and a quiet tone were features of cattle. Sheep and lambs were dull and veal calves steady.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $7.05@7.10; mediums, $7.00@7.05; Yorkers, $6.90@7.00; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., average, $6.15@6.75; good pigs, $5.75@5.90; stags and roughs, $3.50@6.00; good mixed, $6.95@7.05; bulk of sales, $6.95@7.05.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.50@7.00; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.00@5.50; fair to medium, $4.50@6.25; plain light steers, $4.00@4.50; extra heifers, $5.25@5.50; fair to medium, $3.25@4.25; choice heavy cows, $4.50@5.00; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; choice butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.75; stockers and feeders, $3.50@5.50.

Sheep and lambs—Yearlings, $4.25@5.00; ewes, $3.00@3.50; wethers, $3.75@4.25; mixed sheep, $3.00@3.50; culls and common, $2.25@3.00; spring lambs, $4.00@5.50.

Calves—Prime veals, $6.75@7.25; fair to good, $6.00@6.50; common, $4.00@5.50.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, O., Aug. 4.—(Bower & Bower's Special Report to The Blade.)—Hog receipts, 20 cars; market steady; mediums and yorkers, $7.00; pigs, $6.00. Best calves, $7.00. Best lambs, $6.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Aug. 4.—Cattle, receipts about 7,000; market steady to 10c lower; beeves, $3.75@7.60; Texans, $4.00@6.25; westerners, $3.70@5.90; stockers and feeders, $2.40@4.40; cows and heifers, $1.50@5.60; calves, $5.25@7.75. Hogs, receipts about 14,000; market steady to a shade higher; light, $6.15@6.85; mixed, $6.20@6.92½; heavy, $6.15@6.92½; rough, $6.15@6.40; good to choice heavy, $6.40@6.92½; pigs, $6.15@6.15. Sheep, receipts about 15,000; market weak; native, $2.60@4.80; western, $2.60@4.60; yearlings, $4.50@6.75; western lambs, $4.50@6.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Aug. 4.—(Brinkman, Wood & Beck's Special Report to The Blade.)—Hogs, 5 loads; heavies, $7.00@7.05; mediums, $7.05@7.10; heavy yorkers, $7.05; light yorkers, $6.40@6.75; pigs, $6.00@6.10. Sheep, $3.60@4.70; yearlings, $5.00@6.00. Sheep lambs, $5.00@6.35; calves, $5.00@7.50.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 4.—(Swope's Special Report to The Blade.)—Cattle, 7 cars; slow. Hogs, 10 cars; slow; heavy, $7.15@7.25; Yorkers, $7.10@7.15; pigs, $6.15@6.25. Sheep, 6 cars; strong; best lambs, $6.85; yearlings, $5.00@6.25; wethers, $4.25@4.50; ewes, $3.75@4.25. Calves, $4.50@8.00.

New York Stocks.

New York, Aug. 4, 1908.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	Aug. 4.	Aug. 3.
Am. Loco. com	56¼	57⅜	56¼	57⅛	57⅛
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	131¼	132¾	131¼	132	131¾
Atchison	87